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Wm. F. Buckley Jr. on Bishop Sheen's About-Face

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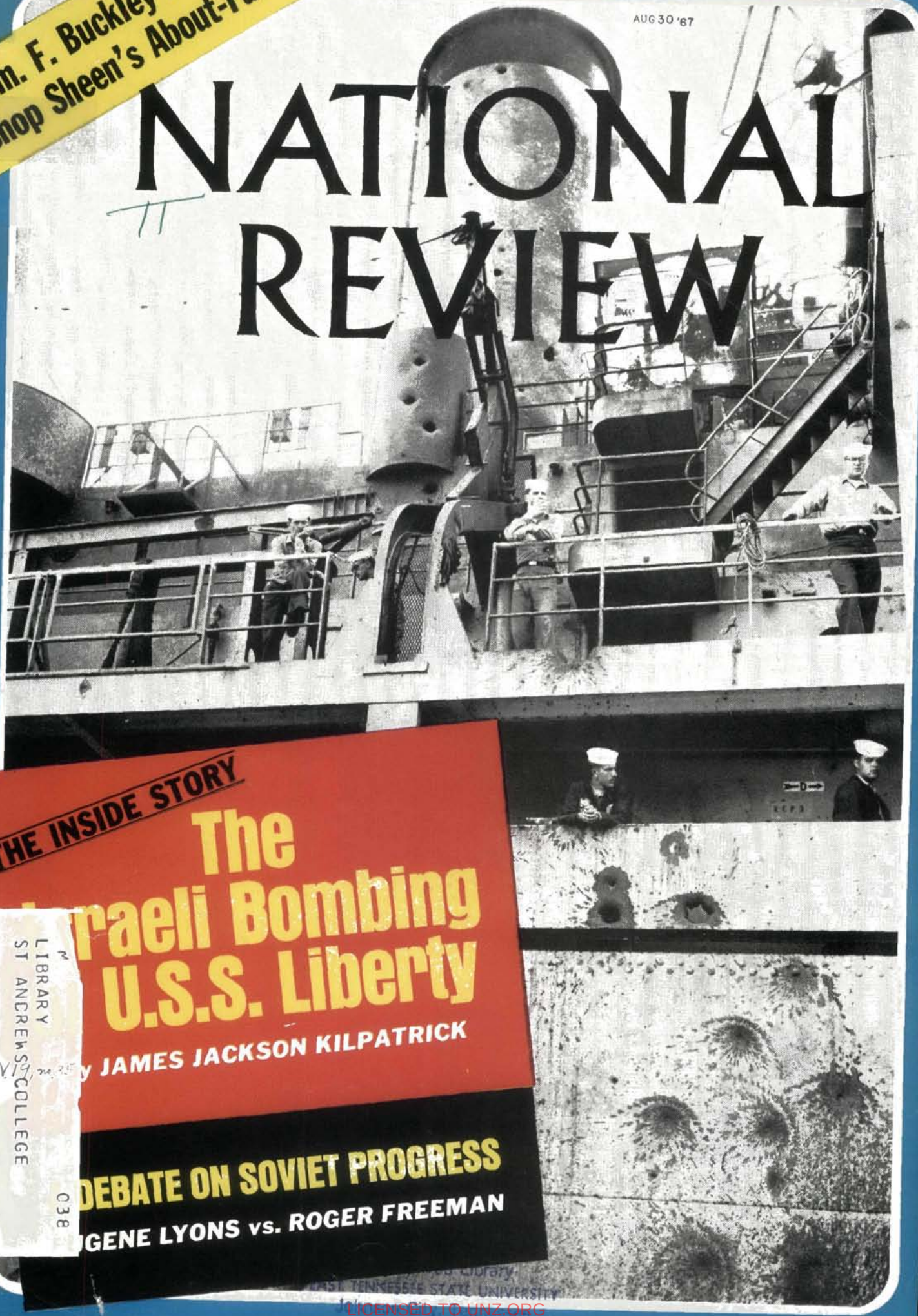

THE INSIDE STORY

## The Israeli Bombing of the U.S.S. Liberty

by JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

## DEBATE ON SOVIET PROGRESS

EUGENE LYONS vs. ROGER FREEMAN

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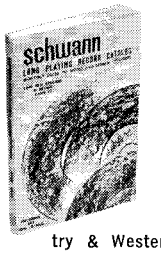


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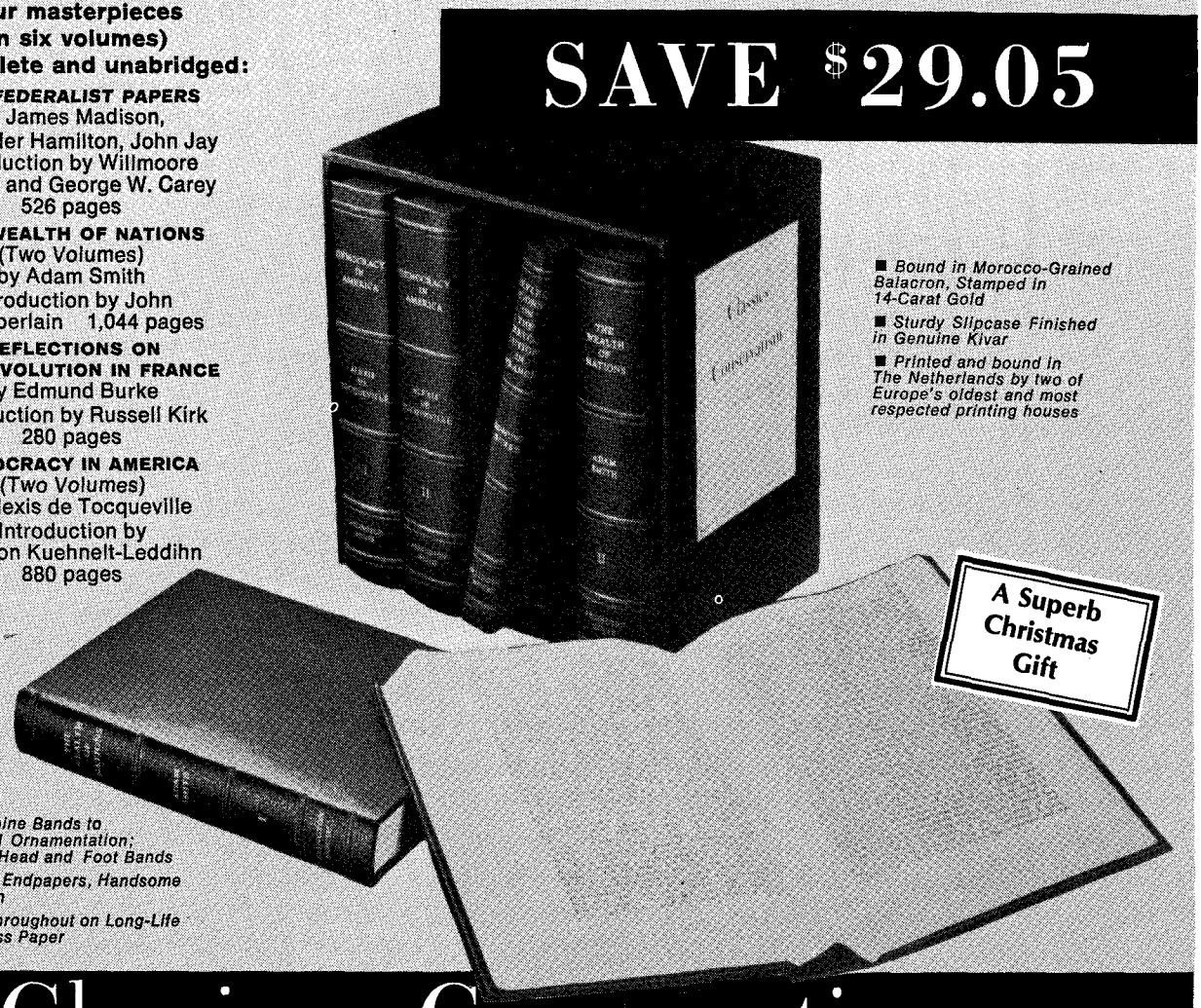

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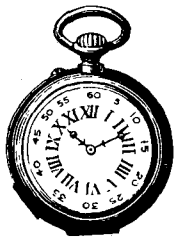

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NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 45 Gracey St., Meriden, Conn. (second class postage paid at Meriden, Conn.) © National Review, Inc. 1967.

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc., to Editorial Dept., *National Review*, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Manager, *National Review*, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

RATES: $16.00 a year ($9.00 for the 44-page issues, and $7.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.

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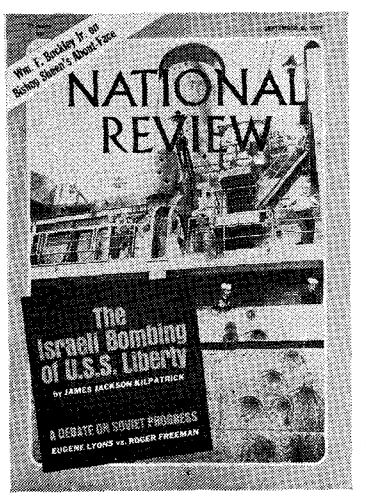
# IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ Our articles feature a Troubled World. **James Jackson Kilpatrick,** author and columnist and old delighter of *NR* readers, goes into the story of the Israeli attack on the USS *Liberty* during the recent *Anschluss* in the Near East, the valorous response of her gallant crew and amazing skipper, and the large credibility gaps still remaining in the tortuous and bloody wake of a long night at sea. . . . **Eugene Lyons** (*Reader's Digest*) and **Roger Freeman** (Hoover Institution) debate the meaning of recent Soviet moves towards free-market incentives. . . . Author and expert on South America, **Daniel James** points out the threat of Castro-type revolution in South America lives, is in Bolivia, and is named Che Guevara.

➔ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** remarks the difficulty of advocating, as Bishop Sheen recently did, the withdrawal from South Vietnam on Christian principles which would expose twelve million Vietnamese to instant victimization. . . . **James Burnham** deciphers the news from the Congo. It seems a feudal solution (private armed force) is coming forward in a feudal situation (anarchy). . . . **Nika Standen Hazelton,** now in Europe doing an Austrian cookbook, revels in the world of corporate gift-giving. . . . **Alec Waugh** explains how it is that Paris, like a jealous mistress, once spurned stays spurned. . . . **Russell Kirk** deplores the secularization of Catholic universities, and reminds them of Cardinal Newman's splendid work.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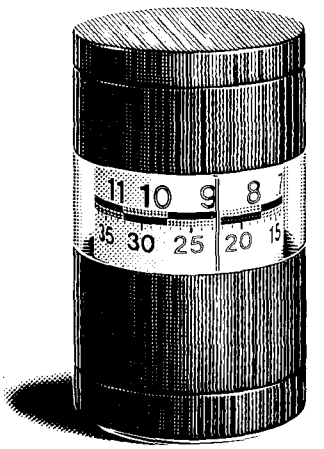
The Israeli Bombing of U.S.S. Liberty
by JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK
A DEBATE ON SOVIET PROGRESS
EUGENE LYONS vs. ROGER FREEMAN

➔ Prof. **Hugh Kenner** takes in hand Vols. II and III of the letters of James Joyce, remarking the remarkable fact that the Joyce "industry" has turned out ten times the number of words actually written for publication by Joyce himself. It was no demeaning talent that distinguished Joyce: his executive skill in language was peerless. ("Nobirdy had aviar soar anywing to eagle it"). . . . **William F. Rickenbacker,** perpending two recent essays on privacy, notes that a growing literature on the subject may betoken a growing opposition to the Snooper State. As co-chairman of the National Right to Privacy Committee, he may be testifying at congressional hearings before the month is out. . . . **Jared Lobdell** reviews the second (revised) edition of Tolkien's fabulous *Lord of the Rings,* allowing the genre to be fair game for discussion, but defending, within the genre, Tolkien's work as very possibly supreme in modern times. . . . **Alec Waugh** again, this time reviewing the travels of others, gives praise to Vyvyan Holland's *Drink and Be Merry,* a Baedeker of wine, gratefully quaffed by himself, the author of *In Praise of Wine* (see *NR,* May 16, 1967). . . . **Priscilla L. Buckley** reports from front center that the stage has two thumping hits. *Hallelujah, Baby!* performs the miracle of making song, dance, and fun out of the civil rights movement; and *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown* offers the equally rare transfer of success from comic strip to footlights. ➔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# LETTERS

### *Hipshots*

The analogy drawn by Will Herberg between the hippies and the Adamites [August 8] is a good one. Nonetheless, shouldn't the hippie outlook be considered more akin to that of the Free Spirit heresy whose adherents were active under one name or another throughout the Middle Ages? After all, it is the thesis of Norman Cohn's *Pursuit of the Millennium* that the conceptual framework characteristic of the Spiritual Libertines has survived, is still with us, and must be considered if one is to understand modern totalitarianism.

The hippies recognize their kinship to the millennarians. The Diggers have taken their name from a group of millennarian, Communistic Levellers who were on the scene at the time of the English Revolution of the 1640s. One San Francisco rock group occasionally reads from the works of the Digger leader Winstanley during performances.

*San Francisco* WILLIAMSON M. EVERS

Mr. Will Herberg castigates the hippies for their "orgiastic wallowing," a term which—translated into more polite language—means simply "esthetic ecstasy." He does not seem to realize that the capacity for "wallowing"—whether in Bach's fugues, in lovemaking, or in the beauties of nature—is a product of character training and of reverence; it is a capacity which most people have tragically failed to develop.

Certainly the hippies have their faults, but I find it refreshing to see someone rejecting the karma of consumerism in favor of a closer look at the Nature of Things.

Mr. Herberg obviously needs to open his "third eye," to have his mind "blown." He should start by reading a fine book by Alan Watts entitled *Nature, Man and Woman.*

*Portland, Ore.* DAVID HELMBERG

### *Right on Rights*

I read the article by Saul Friedman [Riots, Violence & Civil Rights, *NR*, Aug. 22] and I think it has great merit and is a much-needed corrective to wooly thinking. It should be reprinted for wider circulation.

*Hagerstown, Md.* HOWARD KEATS

### *Burnham on the Pan*

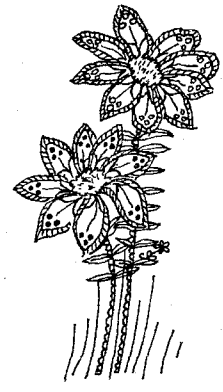
I read with interest James Burnham's "The Antidraft Movement" [June 13] and the letters written by readers who agree with him. However, I feel that Mr. Burnham and those who support his argument fail to see the very sound reasoning behind the temporary link-up of Young Americans for Freedom with the Left. YAF has been discussing for some time now the pros and cons on the draft and our alternative, the Volunteer Army. If we, as conservatives, believe that the individual is the most important part of society, then can we justify, excluding times of war, the compulsory pushing of that individual out of his private life and into the Army?

What we wish to do by abolishing the draft is to take one step in returning the individual to the honored place he once held in American life. If the Left, even though for different motives, is willing to help us with this noble cause, why should we refuse them?

Los Angeles County Chairman
YAF

*Los Angeles, Cal.* BILL SARACINO

Mr. Burnham contends that the Right has joined the antidraft movement for "reasons of principle divorced from time and place." On the contrary, the conservative articles I've seen on the subject all stress that the national security takes precedence over "principle" or ideology, but that with our growing manpower pool and advanced technology, a voluntary army is feasible and practical. Most



point out that the national security would be enhanced, since our fighting forces would be composed of willing volunteers rather than sullen conscripts.

If we approve of the draft at a time when it is not necessary, we have no logical basis for opposing any of the lesser intrusions of the totalitarian state.

Ed. *The New Guard*

*Washington, D.C.* DAVID FRANKE

Having read both the Burnham and Frank Meyer ["The Council for a Volunteer Military," *NR*, July 11] columns concerning the draft, it seems that neither has presented a convincing case. My personal conviction is that a voluntary military is unsound.

Nevertheless, Mr. Burnham's arguments seemed specious. I will not belabor his equating proponents of voluntarism with Cassius Clay and Martin Luther King. But his unequivocal assertion that conservatives should oppose voluntarism merely because the radical Left supports it has a Pavlovian ring to it.

*Omaha, Neb.* GEORGE P. NOLLET

To say that to be anti-draft is to be antiwar is, of course, if not absurd, at least a non sequitur. It is comparable to saying that those who opposed certain types of child labor during the Industrial Revolution were anti-business, which they in a sense were: the opposition to the status quo demanded alteration, but it did not suggest abolition of industry or production—rather a placing of more burden on machines and adults, less on children. As to Burnham's charge of "antiwar by association," this should be a matter of reassessment, not surrender; who would deny the potential good of public education, for example, merely because Marx called public education integral to a Communist society?

Conservatives, I suggest, are in a perfect position to make the crucial assessments on which any antidraft measures will legislatively be undertaken, provided they hold the right reasons and reasonings behind the guiding principles. The only alternatives to such leadership that Mr. Burnham seems to leave us are a desertion of principle or acquiescence to the Left. Like Trotsky's, Burnham's callipygian proclivities do not necessarily seem best able to shape our ends.

National Chairman, ACARN-YAF

*Redlands, Cal.* LOWELL PONTE

*Americans—it is perhaps a carryover of our Puritan past—insist on finding a For or Against in what they read. There is in truth no "should," explicit or implied, in my comment on the antidraft movement, nor did I state or suggest any evaluation of the abstract case for a voluntary army. I merely analyzed the specific political meaning of the* present *antidraft movement in this country, and I find it of some interest that only one of the scores of critical letters made even a nominal attempt to refute the analysis. Incidentally, my conclusion that antidraftism today is expressing an antiwar attitude in some on the Right as well as many on the Left is fully borne out in the special Spring issue of* New Individualist Review *("Symposium on Conscription") which appeared after I wrote.* —J.B.

### *Erewhon Revisited, Again*

Frederick D. Wilhelmsen's review of Prof. Molnar's book *Utopia, the Peren-*



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*nial Heresy* [*NR*, Aug. 22] merits top marks for its incisiveness. Prof. Molnar's failure to make those "crucial philosophical distinctions" results in a rather narrow realism that would discredit human imagination in the name of defending personality and individuality—a manifest absurdity inasmuch as the latter are the parents of the former. This is particularly evident in the treatment of Plato, which was, to say the least, in view of that philosopher's stature, exceedingly crude.

Nevertheless, *Utopia* is well worth reading, if only for Molnar's destruction of Teilhard de Chardin. Actually, it's a good book, only Wilhelmsen's review is better.

*Sydney, N.S.* MICHAEL M. FERGUSON

### *Pearson* v. *Dodd*

Shouldn't *somebody* mention the fact that Senator Dodd is strongly anti-Communist, and that Drew Pearson intensely dislikes such people?

*Coulee Dam, Wash.* H. E. FOSS

*Next Question?* —ED.

### *B. S.*

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*New York, N.Y.* CORINNA MARSH


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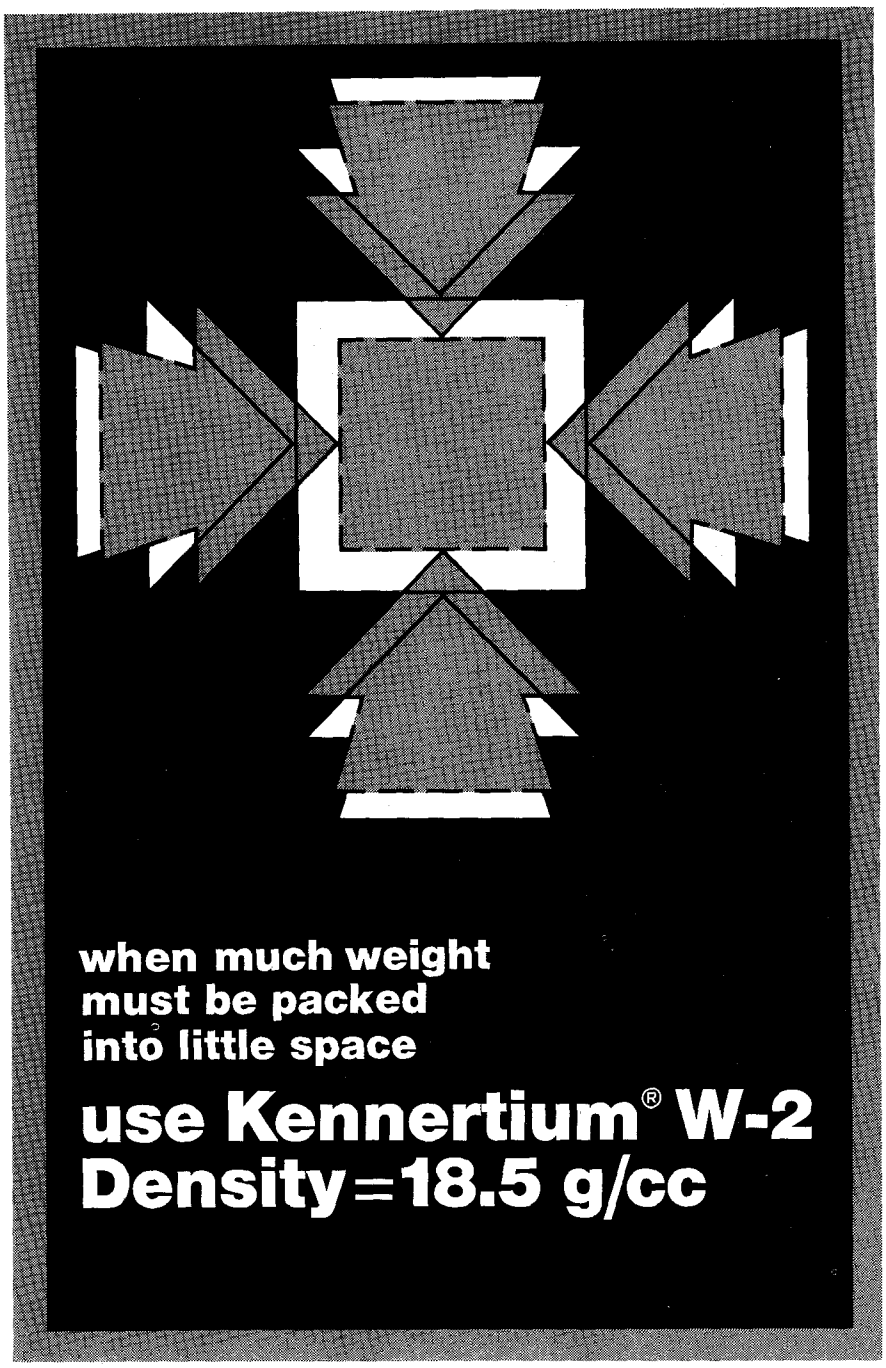


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# The WEEK

● On August 2 the *New York Times* (hereinafter called NYT) ran a large photo, page one, of New York City's Mayor John Lindsay walking in Washington with David Ginsburg. On August 6, a Sunday, the NYT ran a photo, page one, of Mayor Lindsay (hereinafter JVL) seated, shirtsleeved, on an airplane, cuddling a Negro baby. On August (hereinafter Aug.) 8, NYT photoed JVL, page 23, "glancing at debris on sidewalk and in lot on Boerum Street" (shirtsleeves). Aug. 13, Sunday, NYT photoed JVL, page (p.) one, refereeing boxing match twixt C. Ortiz (*¿entiende?*) and J. Draci (slacks, sport shirt). Aug. 17, NYT photoed JVL, p. one, in open rear seat of Cadillac, in Newark (N.J.), "thronged by Newark youngsters" (shortsleeve shirt, tie). Aug. 20, a Sunday, NYT photoed JVL, p. one, lolling courtside, watching "Mrs. Lindsay and Margaret Disco . . . play a UN team" (tennis togs, sweater over shoulders, hair damp). Aug. 22, NYT photoed JVL, p. 28, squatting, watching, "as a passerby attends Angelo Picar" (shirtsleeves). Get the picture?

● Good for Claude Kirk. In case you missed it, the Republican Governor of the state of Florida materialized at one of Rap Brown's hate sessions, helped himself to the microphone, and gave the gentry a few words on law and order; and then, unaccompanied by bodyguard or escort, went to his car and drove off. The governor is worth watching. He is strong-willed and, some say, a little unpredictable. But he's got a lot of money, is a conservative, and knows how to talk to any group at all, especially voters.

● Congressman Melvin Laird (R., Wis.) tossed some interesting numbers into a recent speech before a medical-pharmaceutical audience in Atlantic City: "The pharmaceutical industry gets only 4 per cent of its research and development money from the government. Compare this with other industries . . . aircraft and missiles, 88 per cent; electronic and communication equipment, 63 per cent; professional and scientific instruments, 33 per cent; and all manufacturing, 55 per cent." He was making the point that innovation and progress are not necessarily the children of Big Brother.

● New York Senator Jacob Javits has asked for a four-week postponement of South Vietnam's elections and appears dazed that his word is less than law in South Vietnam. Even civilian candidates are giving only lukewarm support to his proposal. True, government interference got the presidential race off to a late start, but most Vietnamese politicians concede that one more month of campaigning couldn't give the outs enough exposure to offset the natural advantage of the ins. In a perfectly clean election, the Thieu-Ky ticket would be a winner in September or October. As Premier Ky put it last week, "We don't need to rig the election to win." As usual, Ky has hit the nail on the head with a sledgehammer. Even the civilian candidates are now admitting that voting fraud, large or small, won't be a decisive factor at the polls. Tran Van Huong, the leading civilian presidential candidate and once an outspoken critic of military mismanagement of the campaign, had some kind words to say after a large government-sponsored rally last Sunday. "If everywhere we go from now on, the publicity and the turnout are as good, I am satisfied," he said. Not elected, just satisfied.

● It's all systems go at rail stations in Bombay, where Indian gentlemen are submitting to sterilization surgery (improperly called vasectomy) in droves. Peace Corps volunteers are staffing the genealogical abattoirs, and traffic to the chirurgical tables is high-balling like nothing seen in Indian rail stations since, uh, E.M. Forster? Perhaps the reason isn't so much the Indian dislike of spawning as the Indian (and human) aversion to starvation: men who agree to the operation receive $2.65; for persuading other men they earn $1.30 per vas. That's good pay in Mrs. Gandhi's socialized land.

● Tito's peace message to the Arab leaders seems to have fallen on hooded ears. Tito's proposals, outlined during his Middle Eastern tour, would grant Israel tacit recognition by the Arab nations in return for several Israeli concessions, one being withdrawal to prewar boundaries. The Tito plan does not satisfy the Israelis, but in any case Nasser and company seem to feel that any compromise proposal is heresy. As a Communist leader and a longtime friend of Nasser's, Tito has Arab and not Israeli interests at heart, but he also sees the cardinal reality of the war —Israel won. The Arab leaders are the victims of their own propaganda machines, which continue to demand the extermination of Israel.

● With ill-concealed glee, the London *Times* last week reported the intricate details of an "efficient underground network" that aids American soldiers who desert their units in Europe to avoid service in Vietnam. The *Times* suggested that the "rate of desertion" in Europe is now over 1,000 men per year, and that more than sixty men go over the hill each month rather than accept transfer to Vietnam. Secretary McNamara dismissed the report as "sheer nonsense"—and, in the light of figures obtained from the Pentagon by *NR*, that would seem to sum it up nicely. First of all, one is not a *deserter* a) unless so convicted by a court-martial or b) until one has



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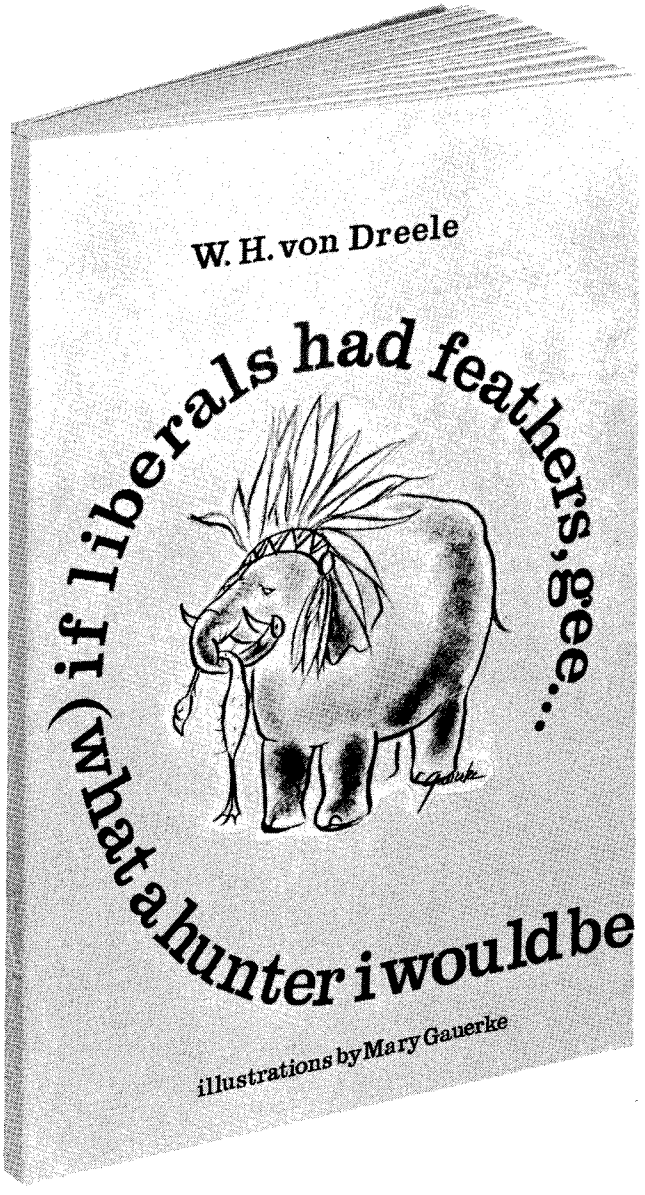


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## In the Next Issue

***Dwight D. Eisenhower's plan for peace in the Middle East by Lewis L. Strauss***

been away for three years. What the *Times* was talking about were "longterm absentees," of which our forces in Europe currently have 338 on record. On the average, 97 per cent of "longterm absentees" return within the three-year statute of limitations period. In the past year, about sixty men per month have gone over the hill in Europe — for varying lengths of time and for many "reasons"—prolonged hangovers, romantic involvements, amnesia, for example; not just opposition to the Vietnam war. In Europe, the average rate of absences without leave of thirty days duration or more is .25 per thousand men—compared with 1.8 per thousand for the Army as a whole. And let it be noted that so far this year, 10,500 soldiers stationed in Europe have volunteered for service in Vietnam.

● Great Britain (how great no one knows) has embarked upon an official investigation of the advisability of adopting a standard under which the recipients of governmental handouts must demonstrate that they are flat broke, or Great British words to that effect. One recalls that it was considered ill form, some years ago, to object to the governmental analogue of eleemosynary ecumenism—it was demeaning, we were told, if not downright cruel, to force a beggar to call himself a beggar, to force a charity applicant to testify to his own lack of liquidity. Only the hard Tory mind could think such thoughts. Well, the Tory mind has went, and in its stead comes the Labor regime in G. Britain, which regime turns out to be just about the ruggedest austerity-pinch-penny-cinchbelt government G.B. has had since Aethelred the Unready. If then.

● Oh what a tangled web we weave, when first . . . Great Britain, having by a certain razzle-dazzle gotten the UN to order sanctions against Rhodesia's UDI, found itself in the awkward position last week of arguing before that same UN that Anguilla's UDI was an internal problem that the British themselves should handle. Anguilla meanwhile has appealed to both the UN and the United States for help against its "overlord," the federation of St. Kitts and Nevis, against the British government that wants to coerce it back into the federation and against the *New York Times* which pooh-poohed its declaration of independence. Why shouldn't we be independent, the Anguillans argue (in one of the wittiest political ads to appear in the *Times* in many a month), we are self-sufficient, self-supporting, we own our own land and we have nothing, not even geography, in common with St. Kitts and Nevis with whom we have been lumped because "we are Britain's last odd-parcel of real estate in the Caribbean." Makes sense. *Vive Anguilla Libre.*

● General de Gaulle has been warned. Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, once a member of de Gaulle's official family and now the head of the Independent Republican Party, has bitterly criticized de Gaulle. Criticized him for his intemperance in Canada, for his pro-Arab stance in the Middle East crisis, for his high-handed dismissal of his critics over the national TV as "apostles of decline." Giscard warned de Gaulle against taking such controversial positions without even going through the forms of democratic consultation. What makes his statement significant is that it is Giscard's well-disciplined Independent Republicans (there are 44 of them in the Chamber of Deputies) who give de Gaulle his winning vote in the French parliament. Next time around, unless de Gaulle mends his ways, the Independent Republicans may decide it is time to vote for *France Libre.*

● "For the life of me I cannot see the difference in morality between the right-wing woman in Texas who struck Ambassador Adlai Stevenson and the left-wing students and off-campus characters at Dartmouth College who howled down ex-Governor Wallace of Alabama and tried to smash his car." . . . "When Dr. Martin Luther King . . . deliberately defies a court order, then he ought to go to jail. Laws and ordinances can be changed, and are constantly being changed, but they cannot be rewritten in the streets where other citizens also have their rights." . . . "It is outrageous and insupportable for anyone to desecrate the flag, the one symbol of nationhood that reminds all citizens of the country's meaning. It is disgusting for paraders to chant, 'Hey, hey LBJ, how many kids did you kill today?' These deaths in battle are eating at his soul, too, and vulgarities can help no high-minded cause." From an eloquent appeal for moderation in dissent by Eric Sevareid in the current (Sept. 5) *Look.*

● NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN DEP'T. (From Richard Rovere, in the *New Yorker*). "There is a feeling among those who sense a need for fundamental changes in patterns of American life that they cannot look to the Federal Government alone—or even principally to the Federal Government—as the agency for



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the changes they consider of almost desperate importance."

● Columnist Dick Nolan in the *San Francisco Examiner* published a while ago portions of a letter from Mrs. Helen Burch, a part-time typist who explained why the "little fellow" is concerned with government spending. Mrs. Burch compared her earnings and her taxes for the years 1958 and 1966:

| | 1958 | 1966 |
|---|---|---|
| Salary (gross) | $ 2,521 | $ 3,414 |
| Real property taxes | 340 | 681 |
| Income taxes withheld | 102 | 521 |
| Social security taxes withheld | 56 | 144 |
| Total taxes | 498 | 1,346 |
| Salary (net) | 2,023 | 2,068 |

When you consider the deterioration of the buying power of the dollar, it is clear that Mrs. Burch has actually moved downwards in these eight years, despite her heroic efforts (she does extra work at home, evenings). No wonder, she says, that the high cost of government "is a major topic of conversation at coffee breaks and lunch periods."

● A ponderable for piepowder pols: during the recent municipal election in Picoaza, Ecuador, the manufacturer of a foot powder called Pulvapies waged a sales campaign under the slogan, "Vote for any candidate, but if you want wellbeing and hygiene vote for Pulvapies." On election eve the company distributed fake ballots saying, "For Mayor: Honorable Pulvapies." The foot powder won by a handy margin.

## *Morning Line*

The horn never blew and the entries never lined up at the starting gate, but somehow during this summer the parade was over and the race for the 1968 Republican nomination had begun. What triggered the premature start—several months before most of the contestants were quite ready—was plain enough: the realization that the odds had shifted spectacularly this summer, that the Republican candidate would not go into the election campaign as an outside longshot, but might well be the odds-on favorite. The Vietnam war and the Negro riots were roped around Lyndon Johnson's neck. Wilting under the public's sense of frustration and resentment, Mr. Johnson's "approve in general" index crashed, according to the polls, down to 39 per cent, the lowest level since he took office.

Most conspicuous among the contestants was Nelson Rockefeller, who had for the past year been holed up as silent as Achilles in his tent at Albany. Suddenly stories about Rockefeller, long absent, blossomed from the pages of the establishmentarian press. *Life* rated him as first among governors. In July, a paean in *Fortune*. On August 20 the *New York Times* weighed in with an editorial reminding us that "he is the man best fitted," for anything it would seem, and noting his current leadership on rat-control. Then the Harris Survey released its fun-poll: "The strongest ticket the Republican Party could nominate today appears to be Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller for President and Governor Ronald Reagan for Vice President," which ticket ran 50-50 against Johnson and Humphrey in the sample.

George Romney, however, was beating Johnson 49%-41% (10% undecided) in a straight race with no Vice President listed. So George Gallup said, but among Republicans Romney was slipping weekly: 20 per cent off his December peak in Minnesota, by the Minneapolis *Tribune*'s poll, and comparably elsewhere. His stock did not rise after an August 16 session with the "congressional internes," for whom he made his Vietnam views more impenetrable than ever, while predicting that peace would be the crucial 1968 issue. The bombing of North Vietnam, he asserted, was a mistake "based on unsound thinking," and therefore should not be stopped.

Poor Richard Nixon's training staff picked just this critical juncture to fall apart. His campaign manager, Gaylord Parkinson, resigned. The reason was his wife's serious illness, but there had been considerable prior conflict in the apparat, and a number of junior staff members left a few days later. Former Oklahoma Governor Henry Bellmon (very able) and former Kansas Rep. Robert F. Ellsworth moved in, but Bellmon was strictly temporary, having a foreign trip and his own forthcoming Senate candidacy to deal with. Staff changes weren't the most delicate of Mr. Nixon's troubles. His political as well as personal relations with Ronald Reagan are friendly, certainly, but, well, here comes Reagan trotting out onto the main track, and the two appeal to a largely overlapping constituency within the party. Reagan was given a solid push when the candidate he backed in usually very Democratic San Francisco won a by-election to give the GOP control of the state Senate for the first time in ten years. Columnist Marianne Means announced (August 22) that "Reagan has quietly moved another critical notch closer to surfacing" and "has begun to sound out uncommitted national GOP leaders outside his western region about the possibility of winning their support." There was a rumor, spread perhaps by enemies of both Nixon and Reagan, that Reagan was asking Nixon including GOPros to delay public commitments.

Senator Charles Percy, basing his strategy on replacing Romney as the moderate choice when and as the Michigan governor slides far enough down to give up, doesn't seem able to pull together



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a program, tactic or organization, but is being encouraged, it is said, by the influential senator from Kentucky, Thruston B. Morton. Columnist John Chamberlain raised a small but glittering balloon for Colorado's conservative and able Senator Peter Dominick, just in case. And oh yes. Citizens here and there, no doubt recalling the dictum of the Father of Our Country that every retired general carries a Presidential shield in his knapsack, were launching citizens' groups for Generals X and Y—in Wisconsin, for hawk General Curtis E. LeMay, in Massachusetts for dove General James M. Gavin, and in various Letters columns for the harassed General William C. Westmoreland.

## *Random Thoughts on a Presidential Press Conference*

Lyndon Johnson holds a formal press conference less frequently than any of the four others who have occupied the Presidential office since this rite became integral to the Presidential system of government. These face-to-face confrontations, wholly on the printed and electronic record, have become for the general public the primary source of knowledge about both the man and his policy. The relative scarcity of Johnson's conferences increases the symptomatic importance of each. Let us meditate a while on the conference of August 18, selecting that one for no better reason than that it is the most recent.

Absent, we find, are the oddities, frenetic rhetoric, personal sideswipes and spontaneous outbursts that cropped up in the first conferences of the post-Kennedy months, and the corn was restricted to the

*"I think young."*

answer to Question #4 (concerning a family that lost a son in Vietnam), where it could hardly lose. Lyndon Johnson is a professional; like a professional he studies his own performance critically, and the audience reaction. He has concluded, we may presume, that the voters don't go for a President who shows his surgical scars and betrays too obvious resentment of political opponents or journalistic needlers. And he has evidently concluded, also, that he is no Franklin Roosevelt or Jack Kennedy; neither spontaneous banter nor off-the-cuff replies are his forte when TV and press are seeing all and writing all. From the text and manner we would guess that only one question—#11, a modest little inquiry, doubtless prompted by a local interest, concerning the future of Colorado oil shale—was virginal. The eleven others were asked with such aptness and answered at such length and, most of them, in such detail as to suggest that the seeds must have been planted beforehand. Thus Mr. Johnson—perhaps to a greater degree than realized by the White House press corps, which fancies itself a fourth and not the lowest branch of the government—maintained control of the form as well as the content of the show.

More than half the questions—seven out of the twelve—were about Vietnam. Vietnam, then, must be in the President's judgment public issue #1, as his long and labored replies reveal it to be his private agony #1. Alas, he had nothing new to say about the war, though he repeated some of the old things with coherence and seeming conviction. He surely spoke from the heart in pleading, "We would, of course, welcome any indication on the part of the North Vietnamese that they would agree to a ceasefire, that they would agree to negotiations, that they would agree that if we had a bombing pause, they would not take advantage of that pause to increase our men killed in action." But he still refuses, apparently, to ask himself why they should agree if he does not defeat them, when he pledges, moreover, that it is no part of his intention to defeat them.

Two questions, given very long answers, were on issue #2, "urban affairs," that is, the Negro riots. There was one on low prices received by farmers (which Mr. Johnson is against, you may be sure), and one on budget-cutting, plus the one on oil shale.

Mr. Johnson's mode is different from his predecessors', but he is developing his own style of conference, and bringing it more and more fully under his own command, as Roosevelt did so brilliantly and Truman and Eisenhower never quite managed. More generally, this August 18 conference demonstrated the enormous advantage the Presidency confers in strategic position. In both appearance and reality, the dynamism comes from the President; he can display himself as both taking the initiative on behalf of the nation and bearing the burden, against the



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## Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ The President's habit of reducing every issue to a test of personal loyalty was no help at all to some Democratic congressional visitors who came to the White House recently to learn more about the Administration's proposed 10 per cent tax increase. They were told, *reductio ad Lyndon,* that the choice before Congress was simply between "Ho Chi Minh or me," the all-purpose Presidential dichotomy these days, but hardly anything to write home about in answer to heavy mail from constituents opposed to any tax hike, whether 10 or 6 per cent. The distinction between presenting a case for supporting American fighting men in Vietnam and supporting "me" is one which LBJ, given his onetime mastery of the subtle arts of Capitol Hill persuasion, might be expected to appreciate. But adversity does not wear well with Mr. Johnson, whose visitors now hear him compare his Administration to that of Abraham Lincoln rather than Franklin D. Roosevelt, model of the early Great Society years. Meanwhile, some congressional doves would like to make the tax issue another kind of test, envisioning an ad hoc coalition of liberal doves and Republican hawks to deliver what in effect would be a no-confidence vote on Administration conduct of the war. Despite such efforts, however, passage of some form of tax increase, probably 6, possibly 8 per cent, is virtually certain.

◆ Mr. Johnson's displeasure over the Vice President's call for a domestic Marshall Plan had more to do with the timing than the substance of Mr. Humphrey's Detroit speech. With his tax increase pending in Congress, the President is de-emphasizing domestic talk by Administration spokesmen, so that the Humphrey speech, not cleared by the White House, is said to have triggered the most seismographic West Wing eruption since the day Robert Kennedy came to visit following his return from Europe. Fortunately for the Vice President, he was still on the road when Mr. Johnson learned of the speech, and the order to cease-and-desist came by way of a White House messenger. Having dropped his Marshall planning for the moment, Mr. Humphrey is confining his public alarum on urban unrest to *de rigueur* liberal reproof of Congress for purported insensitivity to big city problems. Why this approach to obtaining congressional support for Administration programs is considered any sounder than the Marshall Plan proposal is a matter for expert Johnsonologists to ponder; but, in any case, the Vice President hasn't been told to stop, nor have other Administration spokesmen laying down the same line. Under another name, Mr. Humphrey's massive urban spending proposal will at the appropriate time be lifted by the President for incorporation into the 1968 Democratic platform.

◆ Once criticized for having no position on Vietnam, Governor Romney now has several. The Michigan governor's oscillation only reflects both sides of a widening division here between those Republicans who want the President to win the war and those who simply want to end it. Nor is it mere coincidence that the Romney switch came after a visit to Washington, where his speech to congressional summer interns dovetailed neatly into the position now taken by Senator Thruston Morton ("If you don't like Romney's Vietnam policy," observed one intern after the speech, "just wait a minute"). Yet this embarrassment of policy riches has done little to relieve a growing sense of urgency surrounding Romney for President campaign efforts here. Despite Len Hall's professional managerial optimism, it is known that Romney operatives have been badgering prominent Republican officeholders and party officials, urging public commitment now rather than later. The fact that Senator Percy not only refused to make such an open declaration but instead accelerated his own Presidential campaign timetable has brought once-warm Romney-Percy relations to a frigid low. Some more jaundiced Romneyites even regard Governor Nelson Rockefeller's supposedly benign offices with suspicion. Who started this Rockefeller-Reagan business they ask. (Who indeed? California certainly denies it, and no one on Capitol Hill, where rumor-tracing is a specialty, can locate its origin.) **—CATO**

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drag of Congress, the apathy or powerlessness of the public, and the sniping of opponents. Thus on August 18 Mr. Johnson, without uttering a word of explicit criticism, made it appear that a dilatory Congress is really responsible for the urban troubles, by having failed to enact the carefully organized Presidential program on crime, rats, economic opportunity, Model Cities, renewal and rent supplements. And—waiting for this nearly to end, as if it were a mere part of an answer to a chance question (#10) put by Sarah McClendon—the President threw all the congressional critics of his Vietnam policy, dove and hawk alike, back on the defensive by a sudden gambit. Under the Truman and Eisenhower precedents, Mr. Johnson rests his authority to conduct his war on a congressional joint resolution—in his case, the so-called Tonkin Gulf Resolution. If Congress challenges this authority on constitutional grounds, or any other grounds objects to the pursuit of war, it could at any time, the President murmured, "withdraw that authority by just passing a resolution." Then maneuver, of course, is more slick than bold, since Mr. Johnson well knew this one, too, he could not lose.

## *Squirm, Baby, Squirm!*

Busy fortnight for the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee! In its newsletter, SNCC violently attacked Israel, Zionism and Jews in general. Its claims



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(neatly coordinated with the current Moscow line): 1) That Israel "captured the Arab homes and land through terror, force and massacres" and transformed the Gaza Strip into another Dachau by atrocities against the Arabs; 2) That dark-skinned Jews are treated as "second-class citizens" in Israel; 3) That the Rothschilds, those age-old International Bankers, were party to a Great Conspiracy to create the "illegal" state of Israel and are now depriving oppressed Africans of that continent's mineral wealth. A cartoon in the newsletter showed Moshe Dayan with dollar signs instead of stars on his general's uniform; another has a hand, marked with the Star of David and a dollar sign, tightening a noose around the unlikely necks of Nasser and Cassius Clay. Ralph Featherstone, a SNCC official, explained that his organization isn't really anti-Semitic, but opposes "only Jewish oppressors," i.e., the Israelis and "those Jews in the little Jew shops in the ghettoes". Dissatisfied with that quick qualifier, Theodore Bikel and Harry Golden quit SNCC—because of its anti-Semitism, not because it has turned violent, please.

Unperturbed publicly (privately, a columnist reported, SNCC took a look at its dwindling treasury and told Stokely Carmichael to take it easy), the group turned to other matters. Rap Brown announced that Br'er Stokely was due in North Vietnam at any moment "to investigate and see for himself the savage aggression being carried out against that country by the United States." Brown explained that we are "experimenting with weapons there that would be effective in destroying black people in the ghetto without damaging the property." A few days later, SNCC organizer George Ware trumpeted that "If Mr. Carmichael falls down the stairs or chokes on a chicken bone, we will know it was the CIA that did it." (SNCC seems not to have made up its mind which is the *fons et origo* of all wicked conspiracies—the International Bankers or the CIA). Ware tossed in a casual threat on the life of President Johnson, but nobody paid much attention. He was later arrested under the Tennessee sedition law.

And then Brown—free on bail on charges of inciting to riot in Maryland—gave the biggest boost of the year to gun control legislation by letting it be known that he was carrying a gun—on an interstate plane flight, and so *he* was arrested for violating the National Firearms Act. SNCC couldn't raise his $25,000 bail. Bail was reduced to $15,000, after which Brown, freed, said that "justice is a joke in America" and was probably right. And it transpired that Brown is under lucrative contract to write a book for Dial Press "on his philosophy about racial questions." It was also learned that Carmichael has been getting $1,500 to $1,800 per speech on university campuses.

## *For Mao's Sake*

*East Europe* reproduces an interview with Dr. Miroslav Kriz, trainer of the Czechoslovak girls' football (soccer) team when it returned to Prague last autumn from a three-week tour of China, during which it played seven games with the Chinese girl's team. During this visit, the Great Cultural Revolution was just getting going on the athletic front.

Q. What was the reception like?

A. We were received in a friendly manner. About the only difficulty arose when one of our players wanted to photograph a street demonstration of the Red Guard. We were told this was forbidden. In Mukden maybe as many as 1,000 young boys and girls with red arm bands squeezed into the hotel lounge waving red booklets and shouting quotations from Mao Tse-tung. But our guides told us afterwards that they were merely re-naming the hotel "Hotel East Wind."

Q. And how did you play?

A. I would not like to evaluate the whole tour. I consider only the first four matches as regular. The remaining three were played during the Cultural Revolution and sporting conditions had deteriorated.



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Q. What do you mean by this? Did the fans interfere?

A. Absolutely not. But the changed conditions made themselves felt in the referees' decisions and the rough tackling. After the pre-game handshakes at the last three matches, the Chinese withdrew to their half of the field with the referee; they put Mao's books or his picture on the ball and, together with the referee they took an oath that they would fight against imperialism and revisionism with all their might. If there was no other way to win—in the last match, for example, when our girls played their best game—the Chinese referee would send as many as seven of our players off the field, but turn a blind eye to rough tackles by the other side.

Q. Did you see for yourselves what this Cultural Revolution looked like?

A. We could follow its progress with our own eyes. People walked along the sidewalks with red booklets in their hands reading quotations aloud. In Peking and Shanghai all shops selling antiques and art objects were already closed. In bookshops members of the Red Guard sorted out the books to be banned from the ones permitted to be sold in the future. We saw a bookseller, who had not been active enough in helping them, led through the streets and forced to carry a self-debasing placard to the effect that he "served the bourgeoisie" (as our interpreter translated for us). We also saw changes at the airport. When we arrived there were signs in English all around, but when we left there were only signs in Chinese. After landing at Irkutsk to change to a Soviet plane, the stewardess of the Chinese aircraft bade us farewell by reading quotations from Mao Tse-tung to us in Chinese.

## *Cordial Dislike*

There's a stiff breeze blowing down the English Channel these days. Even before Britain's talks with the European Common Market have started (if they ever do start), Anglo-French hostility has reached gale force. France pulled out of the joint project for a swing-wing strike and reconnaissance aircraft. This was not only to be the core of a revival program for Britain's ailing aviation industry, but also the main strike weapon for the Royal Air Force after 1975 when the F-111s, bought from the U.S. as an ever more expensive stopgap, may be looking tatty. Now the British either have to spend more scarce dollars on F-111s, or shop around for other partners, or—which is most likely—accept a reduced military air potential. The swing-wing plane was also a symbol of Anglo-European cooperation, the "technological community" which is now Prime Minister Wilson's main argument for Britain's entry into the EEC.

But the Labor Government is too committed to the EEC to give up without a struggle. Already knowing of the collapse of the plane project, Foreign Secretary George Brown gave a stirring speech to the Western European Union at The Hague. There were, he said, political as well as economic reasons for Britain's entry: "The present opportunity may not easily come again. Unless Europe is united and strengthened she will not be able to meet the challenge of the world today. We must all of us meet it, or Europe will drift further and further into the margin of events." Brown added that Britain was ready to meet the EEC more than halfway on Euratom, safeguards for the British Commonwealth, British agriculture, overseas investment, and external tariffs. Wilson supported this Europe-at-all-costs line by announcing definitely that Britain had no intention of buying U.S. Poseidon missiles for Polaris submarines, ruling out another private Anglo-American deal like the Kennedy-Macmillan agreement at Nassau in 1962, which so engrained de Gaulle's suspicions of the perfidious Anglo-Saxons.

The French remained unimpressed by such accommodating behavior. When the Netherlands claimed that the Brown declaration was an official Common Market document, the French tried to rule it out of court, for Paris is still determined to establish that London has no *locus standi* in such deliberations as the Six may choose to have on Britain's application. And Foreign Minister Couve de Murville said in Brussels that Britain's entry would change the Community for the worse, exacerbate the cold war and make still remoter a solution of the German problem. The French also did not want to have to go on defending the pound sterling in its weaker moments (which as a matter of record they have rarely done in the past anyway). Britons who hoped that de Gaulle would have modified his opposition since his last veto in 1963 are finding that he is still very much the immovable object—though others argue that he is just hanging on until the British have surrendered every card in their pack, at which point he will graciously relent. Nevertheless, the present question is how much longer the British will wish to continue acting as a resistible and constantly humiliated force.

## *NSA's 20th*

The speculation last spring was that the National Students Association would not survive the scandal. The revelation that over the years it had taken funds *sub rosa* from the Central Intelligence Agency put its young officials in an agonizing position, it being generally assumed that when the government puts up money it expects a quid pro quo. Could it be that during all those years, in return for all that money, the NSA had done something—patriotic?



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The thought was too horrible to live with, and it was widely expected that the forthcoming 20th annual congress of the NSA would be its last, alas. Alas, it won't be. The organization has survived the suspicions, and has taken steps which convincingly establish its total independence from patriotism, sanity, and rationality.

Just to begin with, the NSA voted to disaffiliate from the non-Communist International Student Congress, on the grounds that "there are just more worthwhile things to do than continue the cold war schism"—like for instance sit-ins against the draft, and inviting Communists to come to the campus. Anyway, an NSA official observed, the cold war has "ended"—a piece of intelligence that will be received gratefully by five hundred thousand ex-students in South Vietnam.

On the Negro question, the students first rejected by a narrow (182-173) majority an endorsement of black power as "the unification of all black peoples in America for their liberation by any means necessary." Then the Negro delegates, using the necessary means—they threatened a walkout—persuaded the majority to return to extremism, which they happily did, 177-142. "What this statement says," explained Mr. Sam Sherman of the University of Michigan, "is that through our past actions American society has led itself to the point where violence is often the only way out. It's not our business to condemn that violence." If you were a professor, how would you grade *that* for historical, analytical or moral competence? Never mind. The congress also resolved to take grading into student hands; so that, if NSA has its way, professors will be relieved of that discriminatory duty.

If NSA has its way . . . What on earth *is* all that noisy nonsense, normal students—above all—are entitled to ask? In fact, as the *Washington Post* freely acknowedges, the NSA "is not in the least representative of student opinion throughout the country." But the young officials of NSA don't care, don't care at all. They do very much care to find someone to pay their bills, now that they have outgrown government paternalism. So the suggestion by the outgoing president was that every student who is enrolled in every one of the 384 colleges affiliated with the NSA be taxed 50 cents, in order to raise a cool million dollars to pay salaries and travel expenses for the CIA cadre. The NSA will be very busy during the coming year, among other things organizing a nationwide campaign to oppose the re-election of President Johnson. The tax proposal was, in fact, turned down — left-oriented students don't really believe that students should pay even the cost of revolutionizing. That should be done by somebody. Not the government, that's infra dig. Just . . . somebody. You know, Ford, Carnegie, Rockefeller, somebody like that.

Meanwhile, the nation's campuses prepare for the return of two million people in whose name the majority of the 300 delegates presumed to speak. Most of those students are blissfully unaware of the NSA, couldn't care less. That is healthy, in one respect: let the kooks spend their frenzies as they will, where they will. In another respect, not so healthy. The students should strip the ideologues of their credentials, let them join the Students for a Democratic Society, and rant away.

## *My Candidate*

Let's start with what he *isn't*. He's a guy
Who wasn't born below the Rio Grande;
Nor does he try to over-qualify
By kibitzing from Rome to Samarkand.
And, obviously, I could never buy
A wanderer in darkest Twiggyland . . .
"Holy Toledo!" is his special *mot*.
(He's usually on the Late Late Show.)

W. H. von Dreele

## *John Courtney Murray, R I P*

Though Father Murray spent most of his time teaching at a remote little seminary in Maryland, by the time of his death last week he had become probably the best known American Catholic priest in the world. His reputation among those who knew him personally was as a man eternally interesting and eloquent. Those who read his work knew him as a resourceful defender of Christian humanism with especially interesting things to say about the nature of civil society. The public knew him as the Catholic liberal who advanced religious liberty as a theological rather than merely a civil postulate. The national press accordingly mourned the passing of the "liberal priest."

In fact, the tall, fastidious aristocrat who died in dignity in a taxicab in Queens was a thoroughgoing conservative in every critical sense, but succeeded in avoiding that label by the most effortless swivel-hipping, allowing the passionate factionalism of the moment to go roaring by while he calmly pursued his elegant concern for the abiding things. His contempt — always expressed with charity — for the emptiness of contemporary positivism is suggested by his handling of totemic democracy in his volume, *We Hold These Truths*: "The consensus proper to [American liberal] society," he observed, "is purely procedural. It involves no agreement on the premises and purposes of political life and legal institutions; it is solely an agreement with regard to the method of making decisions and getting things done, whatever the things may be. The substance of American society is our 'democratic institutions,' conceived as purely formal categories. These institutions have



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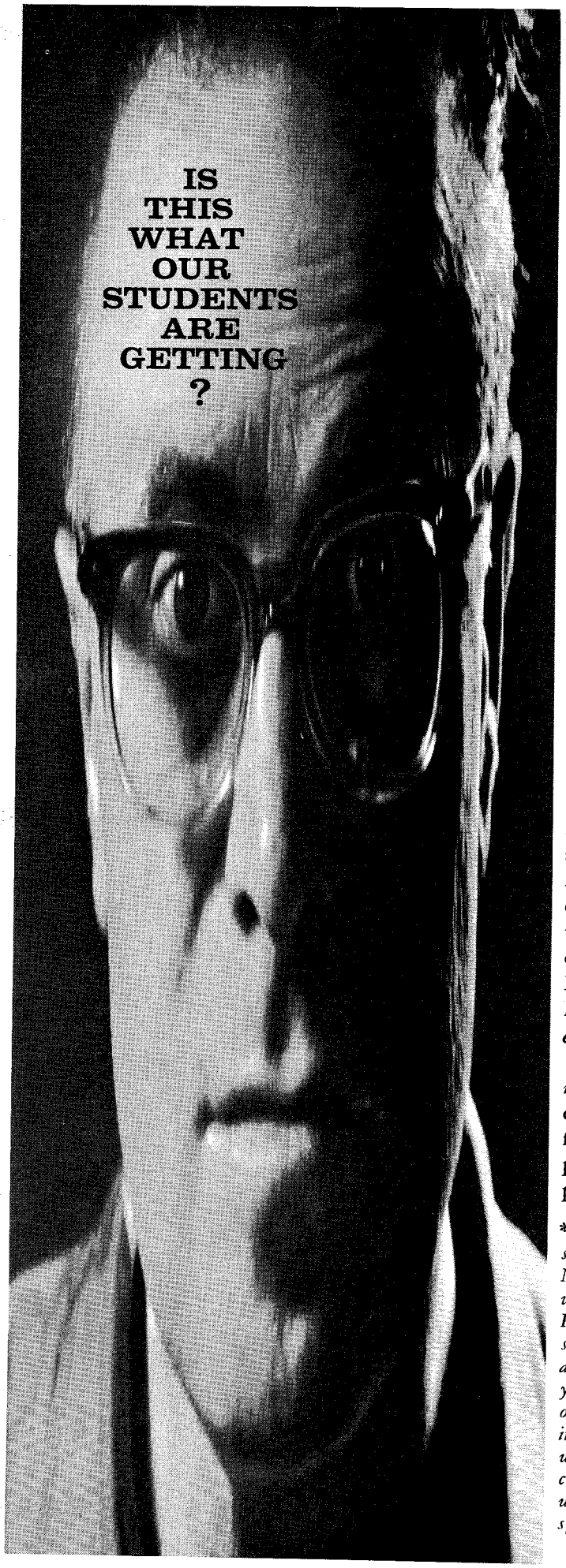


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no content; they are simply channels through which any kind of content may flow. In the end, the only life-or-death question for American society is that it should live or die under punctilious regard for correct democratic procedures."

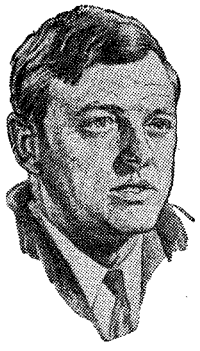
Thus he sided with the natural law, on which the American "proposition" was based; and he became its most alluring contemporary champion because he knew the American idiom, and knew how to talk to the academic community: which requires mastering the trick of giving the impression that those views you are condemning are other than your own. And thus he managed to get, simultaneously, rave reviews from the Fund for the Republic, the *Saturday Review*, *Commonweal* Magazine, and NATIONAL REVIEW. Someone was being conned. We choose to believe it wasn't we. We join in mourning the death of as truly civilized a Christian as the republic he loved and so well understood has created in our time.

## On the Right

# *The Day of Reconciliation*

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

When President Johnson thought to name the last Sunday in July a National Day of Prayer for Peace and Reconciliation, he probably did not expect such a reaction as he got from Bishop Fulton J. Sheen of Rochester. This eloquent and spiritual man took the occasion to recall a haunting passage from the only previous such proclamation in American history, Abraham Lincoln's during the Civil War. And then to draw a conclusion inimical to President Johnson's policies, a conclusion inimical, in the judgment of many of us, to the ends the Bishop so ardently seeks. Which is—and it was a political bombshell—that we pull out of Vietnam.



*Buckley*

But there were the preliminaries. To begin with, as a master dialectician, the Bishop could not forbear the opportunity to bring delicately to the President's attention the paradox of his proclamation: "Is there not something amiss," he asked, "in our government when the President asks us to pray and the Supreme Court tells us where we may not pray—namely in our schools?"

And then he quoted from Abraham Lincoln, whose analysis of why it was that America was being tortured by a civil war could only strike the contemporary secularist as positively fanatical.

Lincoln had said that: "It is a duty of nations as well as of men to own their dependence upon the overruling power of God; to confess their sins and transgressions in humble sorrow, yet with assured hope that genuine repentance will lead to mercy and pardon; and to recognize the sublime truth announced in the Holy Scriptures and proven by all history, that these nations only are blessed."

Then Lincoln asked whether "the awful calamity of civil war which now desolates the land may be but a punishment inflicted upon us for our presumptuous sins, to the needful end of our national reformation as a whole people?" And Lincoln's prescription: "Intoxicated with unbroken success, we have become too self-sufficient to feel the necessity of redeeming and preserving Grace, too proud to pray to the God that made us—it behooves us, then, to humble ourselves, before the Offended Power, to confess our national sins, and to pray for clemency and forgiveness."

Applying Lincoln's analysis to our own situation, Bishop Sheen first carefully affirmed his separation from his separated political brethren: "Completely disassociating myself from all those who would carry placards instead of a Cross, who would pretend fear of a China doll in order that a great Bear might make war against us; disassociating myself further from all of those who forget that true peace demands a higher price of self-renunciation than many a war, may I speak only as a Christian and humbly ask the President to announce: 'In the Name of God who bade us love our neighbor with our whole heart and soul and mind for the sake of reconciliation, I shall withdraw all our forces immediately from South Vietnam.' "

Such holy rhetoric is exhilarating, and no doubt all who heard the Bishop's words were moved by them. But does not reconciliation call for the humbling of ourselves only? Surely it does not call for humbling others—"humbling" in this sense meaning the casting of them into servitude. If it were only American pride that were involved in Vietnam, one could more easily respond enthusiastically to the Bishop's exhortations. But there are twelve million people in South Vietnam, and that figure would be greatly reduced the day after the country was turned over to the Vietcong. How can we incur God's blessings by withdrawing our soldiers, tucking them neatly home, leaving our brethren to vassalage at the hands of men whose philosophy is based on the repudiation of any sense of Christian restraint?

There are those who, reading the Bishop's words, will feel not that his central point—that we must be humbled—is wrong, but that it calls on us to redouble our efforts in Vietnam in order to lay the basis for a just reconciliation. The Bishop dissociates himself "from all of those who forget that true peace demands a higher price of self-renunciation than many a war." Isn't this one such war?



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# *Latin America: How Many "Vietnams"?*

**The author now believes that Guevara is alive, and in Bolivia. He warns we may have two or three more Vietnams on our hands unless we act — and fast**

DANIEL JAMES

*Mexico City*—An article published over the signature of Major Ernesto (Che) Guevara as a supplement to the Cuban Communist Party organ, *Granma,* dated April 16 of this year, advocated the creation of "two, three, many Vietnams" in the world as the best strategy for destroying "Yankee imperialism." Guevara had particularly in mind Latin America, where "almost all the countries . . . are ready" to follow the "road of Vietnam." Citing Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Guatemala, Peru and Venezuela, he predicted that "new outbursts of war will surge up in these and other American countries, as has already happened in Bolivia."

Guevara, if it was really he who wrote the article, made special mention of Bolivia because at the time it was published guerrilla warfare had just begun there. On March 23, a six-man Bolivian Army patrol was ambushed by Communist guerrillas in a gorge in the jungle fastnesses of southeastern Bolivia. It was the opening of the newest guerrilla front in Latin America.

That news, together with the serious events that have followed it, has unfortunately gone almost unreported in the American press. Yet it portends developments of great significance for all the Americas.

Evidence accumulates that the guerrillas operating in southeastern Bolivia were organized and, until very recently at least, commanded by none other than Che Guevara himself. That seems to dispel the mystery of his absence from the public scene since April 1965.

President René Barrientos of Bolivia told foreign journalists on July 1 that rumors of Che Guevara's presence in Bolivia had been confirmed. His Armed Forces Chief, General Alfredo Ovando, stated categorically: "Although I believed that Che Guevara was dead, now I know he is in Bolivia directing the bloody orgies to which the Castro-Communist guerrillas are accustomed."

Two foreigners arrested near guerrilla territory, a French Castro-Communist, Régis Debray, and an Argentine adventurer who is possibly also a Communist, Carlos Alberto Bustos, have both corroborated the Barrientos-Ovando statements about Guevara. Though Debray subsequently contradicted himself, he first told military interrogators that he had seen and talked with Guevara on March 6, and added that he believed that Guevara had entered Bolivia last November. "I saw Che Guevara among the guerrillas," Bustos said.

Guevara's leadership of the guerrillas in southeastern Bolivia gives them a significance far beyond the ordinary. He had undertaken that role, Debray says, to create on the South American continent "*un foco insurrecconal*"—"a focus of insurrection"—in the Argentine-born guerrilla's own phrase. Guevara explained, according to Debray: "I do not feel responsible for what must be done in Cuba because I am not a Cuban. My interest is in organizing the liberation of all Latin America." Guevara told Debray that he would remain in Bolivia ten years, if necessary, to accomplish that purpose.

The Argentine's intention in establishing "a focus of insurrection" in Bolivia was, in short, to commence the task set forth in his April article of creating "two, three, many Vietnams."

The Bolivian government is fully aware of Guevara's objective. In an urgent nationwide broadcast on June 26, President Barrientos stated that Bolivia "is in a state of international war well-prepared and well-financed by Communist cells."

More objective persons than Barrientos agree in characterizing the guerrilla activity in his country as an "international war." A *New York Times* dispatch from Buenos Aires, dated May 6, quoted a "high-ranking [American] military source" as follows:

"We do know enough to draw the conclusion that the guerrillas are getting support from international Communist groups and from Cuba . . ."

### *Guerrillas Are Foreign-Led*

A Bolivian Army communiqué, issued on June 11, claimed that at least seventeen Cubans, four Argentines, fourteen Brazilians, and three Peruvians were among the guerrillas. Even if these figures are exaggerated, most observers agree that the guerrillas contain a sizable foreign cadre and are foreign-led. Furthermore, according to the above communiqué, "it has been established that the conduct of the [guerrilla combat] actions, in theory as well as in practice, is in the hands of foreign elements who have received careful training in North Vietnam and Cuba, for periods varying between three months and two years."

The main guerrilla base, which the Bolivian Army stumbled upon some days after the ambush of its patrol on March 23, bears all the earmarks of an extremely well-prepared and well-organized redoubt. Its original occupants, to judge from the reports of on-the-spot observers, seem to have been by far the best-trained, best-equipped and best-led guerrilla force ever put into the field in Latin America, and that includes the one Fidel Castro led in the Sierra Maestra.

We are indebted to Murray Sayle of the London *Times* for a vivid eyewitness description of what the Bolivian Army encountered at Ñancahuazú in the isolated jungle area 600 miles southeast of La Paz. He saw a



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field kitchen with an oven large enough to bake bread for one hundred men, a butcher shop stocked with fresh mule meat, a "well-equipped field hospital" prepared to dispense the latest antibiotics, surgical dressings and instruments of American, British and West German manufacture, excellent sanitary facilities and neat dormitories—a model camp, all in all.

The guerrillas evacuated the camp in orderly fashion about three days before the Bolivian soldiers entered it, and left behind nothing of value. Among the rubbish, Sayle reports finding a photograph of Guevara taken in the jungle (which further substantiates his presence at Ñancahuazú) and a Spanish translation of a speech by the North Vietnamese commander, General Vo Nguyen Giap, the victor of Dien Bien Phu.

To judge by the heap of spent cartridges found in the abandoned camp—they were all of U. S. make and showed that the guerrillas had M-12 rifles and Browning automatics—part of the base was used for combat training. Concluded Sayle: "It was evident that the whole position was the work of experts with an excellent knowledge of guerrilla warfare."

How many men were originally based at Ñancahuazú, nobody seems to know. Estimates range from sixty or thereabouts to as high as 450 (the highest figure claimed by Bolivian officials). If the bread-making capacity of the base's oven is any indication, perhaps a hundred or more lived there at one point.

The United States Ambassador to Bolivia, Douglas Henderson, told the House Subcommittee on Inter-American Affairs, on May 4, that "between 250 and 400 [Bolivians] over the past four to five years" have had guerrilla training in Cuba. Many of that number are students and miners who violently oppose the Barrientos government, as they demonstrated in fierce and bloody clashes with it last June. The miners' leader, Juan Lechin Oquendo, has been urging just that from his exile in Chile. There have been several reports of a reinforcement of the guerrillas, and at least one, in the Catholic daily *Presencia,* dated July 12, is rather specific: it states that forty new guerrillas landed in two planes at a point near the Río Pilcomaya only sixty-odd miles from the Argentine border.

### *Army/Guerrilla Engagement*

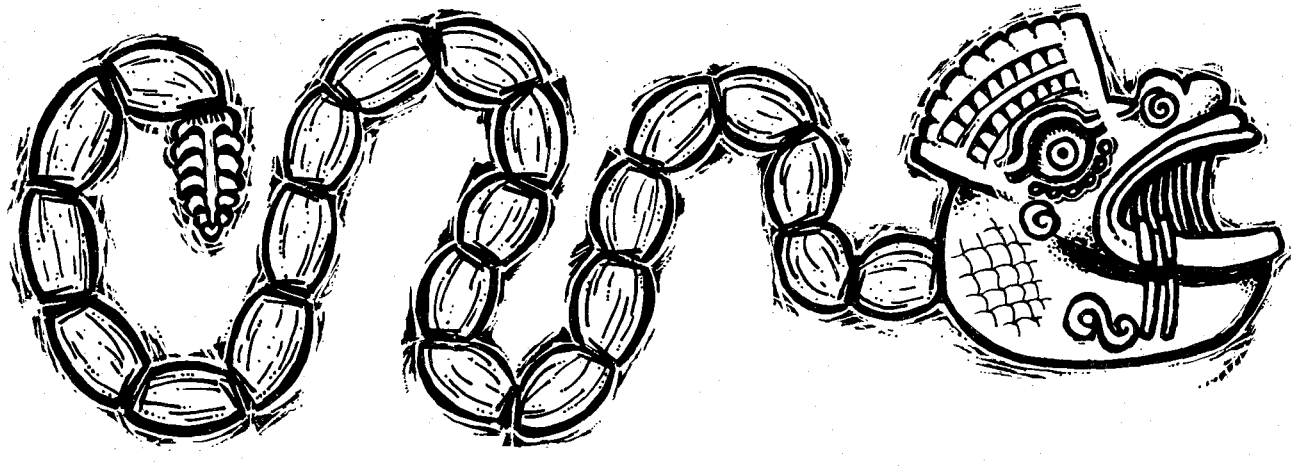
Though deprived of their main base, and apparently three lesser ones as well, the guerrillas show no letup in activity and they have recently conducted a number of daring forays. In one of the latest, which began on July 28 and lasted for several days, they ambushed an entire company of the Bolivian Army. Only three days earlier, in the same region, just south of the key highway junction and communications center of Santa Cruz, some fifteen to twenty of them disguised themselves as women and attacked a military post; they captured fifteen soldiers and one colonel, then freed them after making off with their uniforms and arms. Some thirty engagements have taken place between guerrilla and Army units since March 23. The Army, it appears, has inflicted virtually no damage upon the guerrillas but has itself sustained heavy casualties estimated at about 25 or thirty to one guerrilla. The Bolivian Army is too poorly trained and equipped to be a match for the guerrillas.

Brig. Gen. Burton R. Brown, a deputy assistant director of the Defense Intelligence Agency, told the House Inter-American Subcommittee on May 16 that he thought Bolivia had "a very unstable military force." American military men are generally agreed that Bolivia's soldiers are poorly trained, and her officers poor leaders for the most part.

Ambassador Henderson is frankly pessimistic about the Bolivian Army's ability to eliminate the guerrilla threat. He testified before the House Inter-American Subcommittee on May 4 and said we had "trained three units" of the Bolivian Army in anti-guerrilla warfare, "but in the course of time . . . the personnel turns over, and the ones that we have trained are not necessarily the ones who are now in the forces."

The Bolivian Army, which is believed to consist of about 6,000 men, goes through a complete turnover of personnel about once a year. It may or may not have been coincidence, but when the guerrillas first engaged the Bolivian Army in March the latter had just released the annual class of 9,000 conscripts and was just beginning to train a new one. The guerrillas are up against mostly raw recruits.

In early April an American general from the School of the Americas in Panama, where the Southern Command operates a counter-insurgency course, appeared in Bolivia to examine the situation. That month, after an SOS from Barrientos, Washington began one of its typical crash pro-





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grams and sent in some Ranger personnel to give Bolivian soldiers a little anti-guerrilla training as well as some new weapons and such equipment as a pair of twelve-passenger helicopters. As far as one can gather, only about 10 per cent of the Bolivian Army has so far received such training. What is worse, there is grave doubt as to its efficacy.

A 27-year-old Bolivian lieutenant who was graduated from the counter-insurgency course in Panama told AP correspondent Robert Berrellez:

"The guerrilla tactics they taught us in Panama are useless here. In Panama they taught us to repulse an ambush with intense fire. But the ambushes here are entirely different. The tactic of the guerrillas is scientific, is something they never foresaw in the instruction at Panama. The guerrillas put decoys in front of us, and give us hell on all sides."

The United States is also trying to bring about some fundamental changes in the basic organization and structure of the Bolivian Army, but these questions remain to be answered: Is there time to effect such a reorganization (assuming it is acceptable to Bolivian military leaders)? And, even if trained adequately, can enough men be spared to deal with the guerrillas?

### *Will Miners Assist Guerrillas?*

Bolivia, theoretically, has two combat-ready groups. One is a Ranger-type battalion based at Challapata, on a high plateau near the tin mines. But it has been immobilized since April, when trouble broke out in the mines that led to bloody battles between soldiers and miners and, eventually, to Army occupation of the mines on June 24. Though the Army has since evacuated them, the whole south-central region around Oruro, the heart of the mining country, is a traditional hotbed of Communist agitation and the nightmarish fear is that the Red-led miners will effect a junction with the guerrillas, as their leaders urge. If that happens, according to most observers, the combined miner-guerrilla force might well sweep over Bolivia.

The second combat-ready group, totaling about 800, is normally based at the Special Forces School near Cochabamba, the second city, just over a hundred miles southeast of the capital. About 600 members of it are believed to have been sent against the guerrillas, and may well be the only barrier, at this point, to serious guerrilla inroads deep inside Bolivia. But this group's primary mission is to garrison Cochabamba, not to fight guerrillas, and if any trouble broke out in that city either most or all of the group would have to be withdrawn to its base—leaving the guerrillas almost a clear field in the south—or Army forces would have to be dispatched to Cochabamba from elsewhere.

The number of men available, trained or untrained, to pit against the guerrillas is, in other words, woefully limited. Their arms, moreover, are incredibly obsolete. Against the up-to-date weapons of the guerrillas, the Bolivian soldiers are using ancient World War I Mausers and, in some cases, the American M-1 dating back to World War II.

Still another serious disadvantage for Bolivian regulars is the extremely difficult terrain in the southeast: the Amazon rain forest is much more of a challenge for Barrientos' men than the Sierra Maestra presented to Batista's considerably superior (in quantity as well as quality) forces.

The question occurs: Why, of all places, did Guevara and his fellow-masterminds in Havana choose Bolivia to establish their "insurrectional focus"? Is it their strategy to take over Bolivia first, believing that it is an easy mark because it is racked by internal political and economic problems which constitute, in effect, a formidable guerrilla ally behind the lines? The answer seems to be that the Havana high command simply chose Bolivia as a convenient staging area from which to launch its continental revolution, nothing more. (If, however, in the meantime the Barrientos regime collapses, that apparently will be an added dividend.)

Bolivia, as a look at the map will show, is strategically located on the borders of five other South American countries: Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Paraguay and Peru. It is reasonable to assume that Guevara, when he established his base in the Ñancahuazú district, was more interested in subverting his native Argentina, for one, than Bolivia: Ñancahuazú is but a stone's throw from both Argentina and Paraguay.

The Argentine government has, in fact, been quite apprehensive since the guerrilla focus in Bolivia was discovered. The chief of its gendarmerie, General Arturo Aguirre, has made a complete personal tour of the border area to inspect his posts there, and Foreign Minister Nicanor Costa Méndez has revealed that the border with Bolivia has been reinforced. There have been rumors of Argentine arms being sent to the Bolivian army, but they have been consistently denied. Paraguay, too, has had to reinforce her border with Bolivia.

The five countries bordering Bolivia are all having serious internal troubles that are by no means ephemeral, and there are signs of recrudescence of Communist subversion and even guerrilla activity in all of them. Guerrillas have suddenly appeared in Chile for the first time, and with that country's ruling Christian Democratic Party recently all but taken over by its left wing. In addition to facing the most formidable Socialist-Communist coalition outside Cuba, it might well be ripe for the Guevara treatment before long. Brazil and Peru, too, are witnessing a resurgence of Communist agitation and subversion of a political character and evidences of new guerrilla activity.

Whether southeastern Bolivia is still usable as a guerrilla staging area, now that Guevara's purposes there have been discovered, is a question. It is just possible that the discovery has given Bolivia and her neighbors, including the United States, time to prepare the necessary forces to eradicate them. But who can know whether similar bases, as yet undiscovered, have not been set up by Guevara—with Havana's full support, of course—in one or more of the countries surrounding Bolivia? They possess good guerrilla terrain too, some of it equal to Bolivia's. And it would be reasonable to suppose that if Guevara aims to create "two, three, many Vietnams" to the south, he would presumably be wise enough to establish the bases for them in two, three, many Latin American republics. The events in Bolivia, which have yet to run their course and may terminate in a grand debacle for both the Bolivian leadership and our own, appear to indicate that that is the frightening likelihood.



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# June 8, at 1400 hours

**The story of USS Liberty is only in part a story of a secret ship, an inexplicable assault, some lost messages. It is also a story of brave men.**

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

The USS *Liberty,* a communications vessel attached to the Sixth Fleet, took on fuel and provisions at Rota, Spain, on June 2, 1967. She left that same day, under orders to proceed at top speed to an assigned position off the Sinai coast 800 miles to the east. She carried a crew of fifteen officers and 279 men. Three civilians identified cryptically as "technical representatives" from the Department of Defense (DOD), also were aboard. She arrived on station early on the morning of Thursday, the 8th. It was the fourth day of the six-day war between Israel and the Arab nations. That afternoon the *Liberty* was to undergo an attack without precedent in modern naval history. Thirty-four men would die, among them one of the DOD technicians; another 75 would be wounded. Well over a third of her total company would be casualties of an unprovoked assault in an undeclared war, victims of an inexplicable "mistake" on the Israelis' part. Or so the incident is described.

What follows here is neither an exposé of the *Liberty*'s clandestine role in the Mediterranean nor an explanation of the Israelis' trigger-happy attack; these aspects of the affair are at present unknowable. What follows is no more than an account, drawn largely from official records, of what happened. This is, in brief, a sea story; nothing more. Yet sea stories always are worth the spinning, and the story of the *Liberty,* that blazing summer afternoon, speaks of enduring values that men too often forget: loyalty, and discipline, and courage under fire.

As she chugged eastward across the Mediterranean, the *Liberty* surely was no thing of remarkable beauty. She had started her maritime life as a freighter of the old Victory class, her keel laid down in Portland, Oregon, late in February 1945. These were the days of Rosie the Riveter; merchant ships were not long in gestation. This product of the assembly line was delivered to the Maritime Commission a little more than two months later. During the closing months of World War II and for some years thereafter, she plied the Pacific Far East. She saw considerable service during the Korean conflict. In 1958, an old tub, she went into the Reserve Fleet, mothballed in Puget Sound, there to slumber for nearly five years.

## *Out of Mothballs*

Meanwhile, the Navy embarked upon a program of developing special communications ships. Three old Liberty freighters came out of mothballs, to emerge on the East Coast as *Oxford, Georgetown* and *Jamestown.* In the summer of 1963, two additional conversions were ordered from the aging Victories on the West Coast. The former *Iran Victory* returned to service in November of 1964 as the *Belmont*; and on December 30, 1964, the former SS *Simmons Victory* went back to sea as the USS *Liberty.* By general acknowledgment, the five vessels make up our own fleet of "Russian trawlers." In the short word, they are spy ships.

We pick her up in early June: 455 feet long, 62 feet at the beam, her topside exhibiting a puzzling collection of masts and antennae, a "Big Ear" turning inquisitively amidships, assigned to the Sixth Fleet, in the Mediterranean. Down below, in the forward compartments, walled off from the operating crew, were the communications technicians. And with them, by general report, were specialists not merely from DOD, but more precisely from the super-secret National Security Agency. Among them, it is said, were experts in code-cracking and cryptographic machinery. One can only guess at the devices the *Liberty* had aboard for receiving, recording, transmitting. It is known that the Big Ear could pick up messages from a hundred miles away. And now, with war briefly raging between Israel and the Arab nations, the Big Ear was ordered to listen off Sinai.

In April of 1966, Commander William Loren McGonagle, USN, had assumed command of *Liberty.* Born in Kansas, he had been raised in Coachella, California. He was graduated in 1947 from the University of Southern California at Los Angeles, an ensign in the V-12 program. He served for nearly three years on a radar picket destroyer, then as executive officer on the minesweeper *Kite* on combat patrol off Korea. Tours of duty followed at San Francisco and Bremerhaven and Philadelphia; he was back at sea for two years on the heavy cruiser *Rochester;* then came his first command on *Mataco,* an ocean-going tug. He returned to shore for special training at the University of Idaho; spent two more years at sea, commanding the salvage vessel *Reclaimer;* then put in another two years of staff operations in the Pacific. Finally came his assignment to *Liberty.*

## *Where Were the Orders?*

Now, none of this experience, it will be seen, had prepared McGonagle precisely for what was to happen on the afternoon of June 8. To be sure, he had known hazardous duty on *Kite,* and he had put in some anxious moments picking up mines in the Baltic in 1952. On the record, however, one may surmise that he had never heard a shot in anger. We meet him, this summer day, at age 41, a professional naval officer, doing the same job he had been doing for fourteen months.

So he brought the *Liberty* to her assigned position early on the morning of June 8, a hot day, the sun bright, the sea calm. His orders were



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to maintain patrol from "a point thirteen nautical miles from the coast of the United Arab Republic at 31-27.2N and 34-00E (point Alpha), thence to 31-22.3N and 33-42E (point Bravo), thence to 31-31N and 33-00E (point Charlie), retracing this track until new orders might be received." As events were to turn out, some new orders were in fact dispatched that very morning, but these messages strangely were "misrouted, delayed, and not timely received."

*Liberty* steamed methodically along her southeastern course until she reached point Alpha at 8:49. The ship's normal American ensign, a flag 5 x 8 feet, fluttered loosely in the torpid air. Then she turned to the southwestern leg. At about that moment, an unidentified jet aircraft approached and circled the ship. This was at 8:50 by the log. Some forty minutes later, the tall minaret at El Arish became visible, thirteen miles away. McGonagle asked for a bearing on the minaret, in order to make certain of his position within the established operating area. Everything checked out nicely. An hour later, at 10:26, with the *Liberty* nudging along at five knots, two unidentified aircraft again orbited the ship. The presumption is strong—indeed, the presumption is inescapable—that these were Israeli reconnaissance planes. They circled the ship three times at a distance of approximately two miles. At 10:56, another aerial visitor turned up—"an aircraft similar to an American flying boxcar," which passed astern at a distance of three to five miles. "The plane circled the ship around the starboard side, proceeded forward of the ship, and headed back toward the Sinai peninsula." Visibility was perfect.

## *The Unmarked Plane*

"This aircraft," McGonagle was to testify at the Navy Court of Inquiry, "continued to return in a somewhat similar fashion approximately at thirty-minute intervals. It was not possible to see any markings on the aircraft, and the identity of this aircraft remains unknown."

McGonagle was not greatly worried by the surveillance. He was clearly within international waters, by anyone's international law. At 11:32, passing point Bravo, he altered course to 283 true, and plodded along his westward leg. During the morning, he was approached by the engineering officer, Lieutenant George Golden, asking permission to let the number two boiler cool for gasket repairs. The permission was granted, and the boiler began to cool at noon.

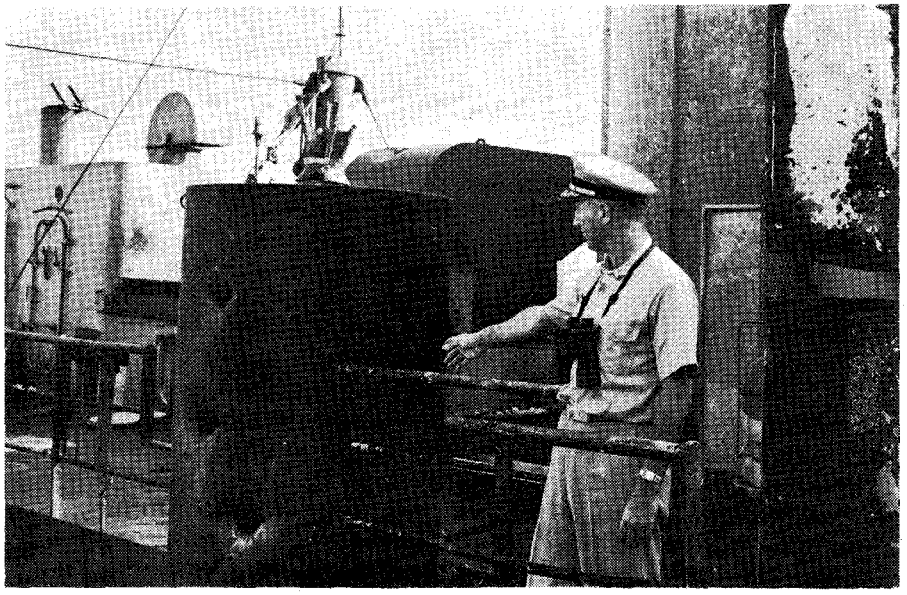
At 1:10, the ship went to general quarters for a routine non-competitive drill in chemical attack procedures. Just as the 38-minute drill began, a billowing cloud of black smoke arose from the Sinai beach, some fifteen to twenty miles west of El Arish. The drill went off satisfactorily, but McGonagle saw an opportunity to put in a timely word. Every naval officer knows the problem of maintaining interest in damage control drills; other shipboard exercises can be usefully simulated, but drills in damage control have a way of demanding more imagination than sailors ordinarily can muster.

From the transcript:

> Before dismissing the crew from general drills, I gave the crew a short talk on the PA system, reminding them of the importance of expeditiously responding to general quarters . . . in the event of an actual attack. So that they would be impressed, I pointed out to the crew at that time that the column of black smoke should be sufficient evidence that the ship was in a potentially dangerous location. I had no evidence or indication that an attack would actually be made on the ship.

Ordinarily, as McGonagle would recall, it was his practice after a drill to join the officers for a cup of coffee in the wardroom, in order to go over the performance with an eye to improvement. This time, he was generally pleased with the exercise. His ship was secure; morale was high; some of his off-duty sailors were about to take sunbaths. He lingered on the bridge, chatting casually with his executive officer, Lieutenant Commander Philip McCutcheon Armstrong Jr. A few other officers were there—Lieutenant Maurice H. Bennett of Pittsburgh, Lieutenant James M. Ennis Jr. of Norfolk, and Lieutenant Stephen Spencer Toth, the son of retired naval Captain Joseph C. Toth of Virginia Beach. Lieutenant James G. O'Connor, who had served as officer of the deck during the general quarters drill, was ready to go off duty for lunch. Lieutenant (j.g.) Lloyd Clyde Painter climbed up the ladder to replace him.

For no particular reason, except that such reasons always stir in a naval captain's head, McGonagle put his own eyes to the radar screen for one more bearing on the minaret at El Arish. The landmark was then 25.5 miles distant; the bearing was 142, comfortably within the bearing he had established earlier as a danger point against shoal waters. It was 1:55. Painter had officially relieved O'Connor as officer of the deck. Ensign Malcolm Pat O'Malley of Minneapolis had just assumed the conn. McGonagle was ready to go below. Still he lingered.



***Ship and survivors found safe harbor in Malta, where Cdr. McGonagle inspected the damage. According to Navy sources, the* Liberty *sustained 821 separate hits from rockets and machine guns. (Department of Defense Photo)***



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At 2 o'clock, lookouts just above the bridge reported jet aircraft approaching. McGonagle moved to the starboard wing of the bridge to have a look at them with binoculars. He was able to observe one aircraft "of similar characteristics, if not identical, to the two aircraft which were sighted earlier in the day." The plane was about five or six miles away, at an altitude of perhaps 7,000 feet. It appeared to be traveling on a parallel course with the ship. There was no evidence of a hostile attitude. McGonagle put down the binoculars and again turned away.

The first explosion came, as best he can recall, within a couple of minutes. He sounded a general alarm, and dashed to the port wing of the bridge. Two 55-gallon gasoline drums, stored amidships on the main deck, were burning furiously. The outside port ladders were blocked. He ordered Armstrong to go down the starboard side and get the drums pushed overboard. O'Connor, who also had lingered on the bridge, moved to go with him. The two men had just reached the top of the starboard ladder, when a second bomb struck, this one near a whaleboat stowed just aft of the bridge. The explosion killed Armstrong outright and flung the others back into the crowded room. Suddenly the whole of the tidy bridge was a mass of blood and debris.

## "*All Ahead Flank!*"

McGonagle grabbed for the engine order annunciator, remembering to his dismay that the number two boiler was cooling. He desperately rang up all ahead flank. To his vast relief, smoke belched from the stack, and the wounded *Liberty* seemed to pick up speed. He ordered a message sent by the high command radio to the Chief of Naval Operations, advising that *Liberty* was under attack. He glanced at the helm and saw that his helmsman had been seriously injured by the second bomb blast. Quartermaster Third Class Francis Brown, of Troy, N.Y., had leaped to the helm in his place. In less than half an hour, Brown himself was to die.

The strafing attack continued. Whether there were two planes or three, McGonagle cannot recall. They came over the *Liberty* in criss-cross runs a minute or so apart, punishing the ship with machine guns, rockets, and fragmentation bombs. After the first or second run, McGonagle reached for a phone to relay some command, but the phone circuits had been destroyed. The public address system went out. Shouting through the smoke, he saw that Ensign John D. Scott of Charlotte, N.C. was rallying damage control parties to fight a raging fire in the vicinity of the whaleboat. Ensign David G. Lucas managed to make his way to the bridge, stepping over the bodies of the dead and wounded men. Together, they assigned runners to relay orders to the repair parties and to other vital stations.

It may have been on the third run that McGonagle himself was hit. He could not recall pain or even shock. He looked down, and saw his right leg turning red. At the subsequent Navy Court of Inquiry, he was asked about the wound. He testified during his first appearance on the witness stand:

> I was knocked off my feet; I was only shaken up and it made me dance around a little bit, but my injuries did not appear to me to be of any consequence. I noticed slight burns on my starboard forearm and I noticed blood oozing on my trousers right leg. Since I could walk and there was no apparent pain, I gave no further consideration to these minor injuries.

The hostile planes kept boring in. A moment or so later, Ensign Lucas staggered in painful surprise: He had taken a piece of shrapnel in his forehead. McGonagle opened the bridge safe, got out a camera, and struggled to the port wing in order to take pictures of the attackers. For the remainder of the assault, he kept the camera close at hand.

It was now about 2:20. The *Liberty* was still on her course of 283 true, plodding toward point Charlie. She was still moving along at something in excess of five knots. The attacking planes abruptly wheeled off. Through the smoke, McGonagle caught a glimpse of three high-speed torpedo boats approaching from the northeast at 27 to thirty knots.

From the transcript:

> It appeared that they were approaching the ship in a torpedo launch attitude, and since I did not have direct communication with gun control or the gun mounts, I told a man from the bridge, whose identity I do not recall, to proceed to mount 51 and take the boats under fire. The boats continued to approach the ship at high speed and on a constant bearing with decreasing range.
>
> About this time, I noticed that our ensign had been shot away during the air attack, and ordered Signalman [Russell O'Neal] David to hoist the largest ensign we had in the locker. He ran up the holiday ensign [7 x 13 feet]. It was flying before the boats attacked.

Old menaces stormed back to McGonagle's mind. If he turned the *Liberty* to port, in order to avoid the torpedo boats, he risked the coastal shoals. If he turned to starboard, he gave his pursuers an even better target. He stayed on course and prayed for Golden's boilers to give him maximum speed.

From the transcript:

> When the boats reached an approximate range of 2,000 yards, the center boat of the formation was signaling to us. Also, at this range, it appeared that they were flying an Israeli flag. This was later verified. It was not possible to read the signals from the center torpedo boat because of the intermittent blocking of view by smoke and flames. At this time I yelled to machine gun 51 to hold fire. I realized that there was a possibility of the air attack having been conducted in error. I wanted to hold fire to see if we could read the signal from the torpedo boat and perhaps avoid additional damage and personnel injuries. The man on machine gun 51 fired a short burst at the boat before he was able to understand what I was attempting to have him do.

Then, to McGonagle's consternation, he saw that one of the aft machine guns, gun 53, had erupted into extremely effective action. "It's Quintero," he said to Ensign Lucas. "He's blanketing that boat. Go around the port skylight and tell him to hold fire." Lucas clambered off, but later would testify that it wasn't Boatswain's Mate Anthony A. Quintero at all.

From the transcript of Lucas's testimony:

> The first thing I noticed was that the mount 54 [on the port side] was vacant. Flames had reached it and chased everyone out of there. I ran toward the gun mount, and looked over the skylight from the engineering spaces. I had a clear view of mount 53 [the starboard mount, which was firing] from, say, the waist up, and there was no one on mount 53. The flames from the motor whaleboat were coming over the lip of the mount. I assume that the bullets that were in the gun, or bullets that were in the ready service



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ammunition box, very near there, were cooking off and firing.

At 2:34, the torpedo boats opened fire with their own guns. A cannon shot caught Quartermaster Brown. Mortally wounded, he fell from the helm. Seconds later, three torpedoes sped toward the *Liberty*. One passed astern by 25 yards. A second may have passed beneath the ship. The third struck the *Liberty* forward, on her starboard side, immediately below the waterline. In the instant of the explosion, 25 men died—most of them highly skilled technicians. The ship went dead in the water, her steering control and all power lost. But there was no additional fire, and a nine-degree list to starboard presented no immediate danger of sinking. McGonagle's weary brain began to recalculate the shoal waters, with the thought of grounding his ship if he had to.

## *"Go to Hell!"*

It was 2:40. In the midst of this bizarre nightmare, it seemed not at all surprising that the commanding torpedo boat made a swift turn, stopped dead some 500 yards astern, and began signaling in English: "Do you require assistance?" McGonagle had no light left to return the signal. He ordered the flags "Lima India" hoisted, signifying that "I am not under control." (Somewhat later, an Israeli sailor was to say that "an officer appeared and shouted 'go to hell!' ") After a moment or two—long enough for McGonagle to attempt a photograph of the vessel—the torpedo boat moved away from shore. Two minutes later, two helicopters, bearing Star of David markings, appeared. They hovered about the smoking ship, circled her repeatedly, flew off for about five miles, returned once more, and vanished.

McGonagle's mind turned to the dead, the wounded, the problems of regaining steerage. Scott's damage control parties were working at fever pitch, the sailors stripped to the waist, the deck a mass of twisted metal and burning gear. But the watertight bulkheads were holding, the starboard list was no worse, and Lieutenant Richard H. Kiepfer of Brooklyn, a Navy doctor, had done a superb job of organizing a main battle dressing station in the mess hall. Most of the slain men were trapped in the forward compartments, but three or four mutilated bodies, streaming blood, were still on deck. They were in plain view of the inspecting helicopters. By this time, McGonagle's wounded leg was giving increasing pain. He stretched out and tried to keep the limb elevated. Then, to his horror, he looked up: The two jets were coming back from the starboard side, "in similar fashion to that which preceded the initial attack." He called an alert to the possibility of renewed assault, but the jets disappeared.

It was 4:15. McGonagle ordered the ship's international call sign hoisted, and turned again to the problems of getting the *Liberty* back under steam. Both boilers came briefly back on the line, but lost their fuel oil suction almost at once. The gyro compass was a wreck. It was impossible to learn the ship's heading. The ship's surviving communications technicians, however, were able to manage the impossible: They rigged some emergency radio-telephone circuits, and restored communications with the Sixth Fleet.

McGonagle leaned against a bulkhead. The whole bridge spun around him. He slumped to the deck, giddy from loss of blood. A communications technician, Jeffrey Robert Carpenter of Norfolk, cut away his right trousers leg and applied a tourniquet. McGonagle refused to give up the conn he had assumed at 2 o'clock; he was to retain the conn until 6:30 the following morning.

A thousand demands cried for his attention. Some of the crew members had dropped life rafts. McGonagle sent a messenger to tell them to leave the lifeboats alone. The boats weren't needed now, but they might be needed later. He sent a message to Fleet Command, detailing the estimated dead and casualties. Friendly fighters from the carrier *America* were around him. Back in Washington, President Johnson had been on the hot line to Moscow, advising Premier Kosygin of the situation. The

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/5    EA  G    130  SPD    K
Ø849  ASSE, THROUGH POINT AL  A CHANGED CSE T 25
Ø85Ø  SINGLE JET A/C (UNIDENTIFIED) CROSSED ASTERN DISTANCE
      3 - 5 MILES -- CIRCULED SHIP FROM STBD TO PORT AND
      RETURNED TO UAR MAINLAND
Ø9Ø5  DECREASED SPD TO 5 KNOTS
1Ø56  ANOTHER A/C CIRCLED SHIP-HIGH
1126  ANOTHER A/C CIRCLED SHIP
1132  PASSED THROUGH POINT BRAVO C/C TO 283T
131Ø  EXERCISED AT G.Q. DRILL
1348  SECURED FROM G.Q. DRILL.
1351  3 SMALL SURFACE CONTACTS HELD ON RADAR 32,ØØØ YARDS
      BEARING
Ø82T  -- REPORTED TO BRIDGE AS 3 SURFACE CONTACT
1353  RADAR REPORTS POSSIBLE A/C PASSING OVER SURFACE
      CONTACTS.
1358  SINGLE A/C SIGHTED APPROACHING SHIP FROM 135 DEG
      RELATIVE 5 - 6 MILES DISTANCE, ALTITUDE
      APPROXIMATELY 7ØØØ FT.
A/C   PASSED DOWN TRACK OF SHIP
14Ø3  LOUD EXPLOSION -- PORT SIDE AMIDSHIPS
14Ø5  SOUNDED GENERAL ALARM -- LARGE FIRE IN VICINITY
      OF FRAME 85,
Ø1    LEVEL WHERE FUEL FOR MOTOR DRIVEN FIRE PUMPS ARE
      LOCATED.
14Ø5  ALL AHEAD FLANK SIGNALLED BY ENGINE ORDER TELEGRAPH.
14Ø5  - 141Ø SHIP UNDER REPEATED AIR ATTACK WITH TWO OR
      MORE A/C MAKING COORDINATED STRAFTING, ROCKET, AND
      INCENDIARY RUNS OVER SHIP.  THREE MAJOR FIRES TOP-
      SIDE COVERING LARGE AREAS OF SHIP WITH FLAMES AND
      HEAVY SMOKE. A TOTAL OF EIGHTEEN WERE KILLED OR
      DIED AS A RESULT IN ACTIONS RECEIVED DURING THE
      ATTACK
```

**Liberty's *log, June 8, 0849-1405 (from the transcript).***



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international uproar was beginning. McGonagle's principal concern was to keep the *Liberty* moving. The engine room, thank God and George Golden's crew, managed to get the boilers going again. To his delight, the ship turned up a brisk eight knots. McGonagle ordered a course estimated at 340 magnetic, and arranged for emergency manual steering.

From the transcript:

> The amount of rudder was given to after steering over emergency-rigged sound-powered telephones. They would apply the rudder. When the ship had come to the approximate magnetic heading, the rudder would be shifted to attempt to maintain that heading. It was possible to maintain within plus or minus 30 degrees of the ship's heading most of the time.

The azimuth of the setting sun provided a rough guide to help the *Liberty* along. The fathometer was still working; it reported 26 fathoms under the keel—plenty of water for the moment, but the shoals were somewhere near at hand and it was only a guess whether the magnetic compass had been knocked awry. McGonagle toyed with the idea of dropping anchor, and even directed Lucas to get up an anchor party and go to the forecastle. His thought was to wait until it got dark, then take a visual bearing on the North Star, because "once I was able to sight the North Star, I would know in which direction the ship was actually proceeding." Then another thought prevailed: He ordered the engines backed two-thirds, and for eighteen minutes the *Liberty* backed carefully away from the threatening shallows.

"How much water?" he kept asking. When the fathometer got to 48, he drew a long breath and ordered the rudder around to a bearing of 025 magnetic. The engineers produced power, though the lube oil pressure kept giving trouble. By 6 o'clock, *Liberty* was moving at a creditable ten knots, with 82 fathoms under her keel.

At 6:45, a lookout sent word to the bridge that another Israeli helicopter was approaching.

"What do they want?" asked McGonagle.

"Sir, they're trying to land a man aboard."

McGonagle was in no mood for social visitors or for boarding parties. He thought of the dangerous clutter on the forecastle, and ordered a wave-off. The helicopter then dropped a message to the deck. Written on the back of the calling card of Commander Ernest Carl Castle, Naval Attaché for Air, U.S. Embassy, Tel Aviv, it read: "Have you casualties?"

From the transcript:

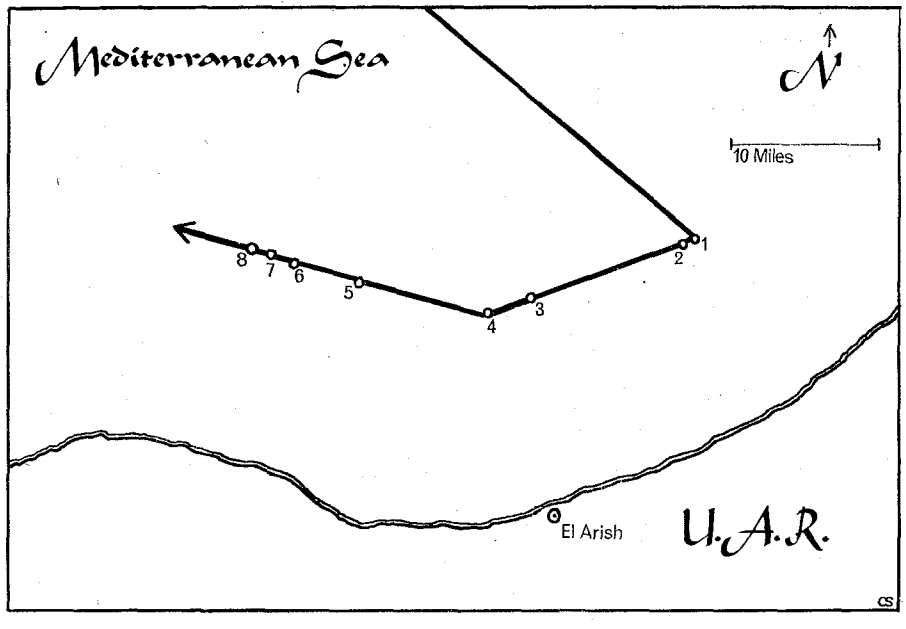
> We attempted to advise them by flashing light with an Aldis lamp that "affirmative," we did have casualties. I'm not sure that wounded men were still lying around the deck, as such. By that time, most of our wounded had been taken to the casualty collection stations.
>
> COUNSEL FOR THE COURT. In amplification of the Admiral's question, was there not a considerable amount of blood on the decks that would be obvious from a reasonable distance?
>
> THE WITNESS. That is correct. There were numerous blood streams the full length from the forecastle to the main deck at machine gun mount 51, where one body was still lying. I do recall that now. There was also another body in the vicinity of mount 51.

After ten or fifteen minutes of unsuccessful attempts at communication, the helicopter buzzed off. And darkness fell.

In a Navy that delights in tales of seamanship, men will be talking for years of the night that McGonagle brought the *Liberty* back from Sinai. At the Court of Inquiry's hearings, McGonagle was recalled to the stand.

From the transcript:

> COUNSEL FOR THE COURT. I have no further questions. Does any member of the Court desire to question the witness?
>
> THE PRESIDENT. Captain McGonagle, in our previous discussion, you told me a story which I have since come to identify as remarkable humility and self-effacement on your part, which I presume had caused you not to mention in testimony the way you navigated this ship out of dangerous waters after the attack. Will you please tell the Court how, while lying on your back, with no compass except the magnetic compass, and based upon your recollection of the magnetic compass error in relation to the gyro compass book, you used the sun and subsequently the North Star to clear the area?
>
> THE WITNESS. Admiral, after a time on the bridge, when I had received minor injuries, I lost considerable blood, and when attempts to stem the flow of blood by self-help were unsuccessful, I noticed myself beginning to lose consciousness. I immedi-




***COURSE OF THE USS* LIBERTY—*June 8, 1967***

1. ***0849*: Liberty *changes course at "Point Alpha".***
2. ***0850*: *Unidentified jet circles ship.***
3. ***1056*: *Aircraft "similar to an American Flying Boxcar" circles ship, returns to Sinai Peninsula.***
4. ***1132*: *Ship changes course at "Point Bravo".***
5. ***1310*: *Routine General Quarters drill, after which Cdr. McGonagle reminds his crew that* Liberty *is "in a potentially dangerous location."***
6. ***1400*: *Another jet appears*; Liberty *bombed and strafed.***
7. ***1420*: *Attacking jets fly away; torpedo boats flying Israeli flag approach the ship.***
8. ***1434-1440*: Liberty *torpedoed.***



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ately lay down flat on my back on the port wing, and raised the bleeding leg as high as possible, resting it on my port bridge chair, and there a first class communications technician by the name of Carpenter and other persons whom I don't recall at this time, applied a tourniquet to my right leg which effectively stopped the flow of blood. I at no time lost consciousness and had my full faculties at all times.

I realized at that time I had lost considerable amounts of blood because it was sloshing in my shoes. . . . But since the flow of blood had stopped, I gave no further consideration to—I didn't consider I had any more problem in that area. . . .

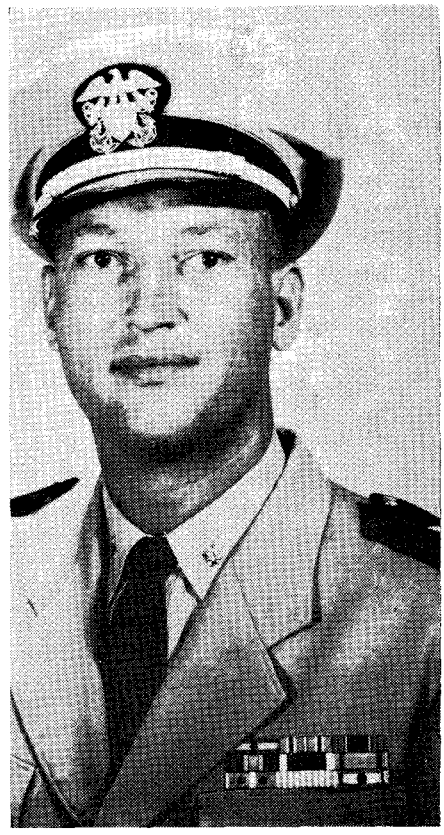
I conned the ship by looking aft, and by being able to see the wake of the ship I was able to tell after steering which way to apply the rudder and how long to leave it on to attempt to average out the course that I felt the ship should travel to stand clear of possible shoal areas. I remained on my back for approximately an hour and a half. I then felt that I had regained sufficient strength that I was able to get up from the deck and conn the ship from the wing of the ship and from the pilot house. . . . It seemed to me that my remaining on the bridge—this would be able to lessen the shock that the rest of the crew had received.

The Navy doctor, Lieutenant Kiepfer, saw McGonagle during the evening but made no effort to get him below to a battle dressing station. "The Commanding Officer at that time was like a rock upon which the rest of the men supported themselves," he told the court. "To know that he was on the bridge grievously wounded, yet having the conn and helm through the night calling every change of course, was the thing that told the men 'we're going to live.' When I came to the bridge and saw this, I knew that I could only insult this man by suggesting that he be taken below for treatment of his wounds. I didn't even suggest it."

Dr. Kiepfer's own performance was in the highest naval tradition. He performed one major operation immediately after the engagement. He and his two hospital corpsmen stayed on duty for 28 hours.

From the transcript of Dr. Kiepfer's testimony:

> Any time we needed one volunteer, we'd get ten. If anything had to be done, there were hands everywhere. When asked for two pints of blood for transfusion, we had people on the adjoining tables who were saying, "If you need some, I have this type." These were people already wounded.



***Commander William L. McGonagle***

During the night, McGonagle ordered three musters to identify the dead. He and his remaining officers bent to the task of preparing casualty messages. He winced at the first of these, to Mrs. Philip McC. Armstrong Jr., of 433 West Main Street, Dalton, Pennsylvania. His executive officer, a 38-year-old graduate of the Naval Academy, had left a young widow and five children behind. Lieutenant James C. Pierce had died, and Lieutenant Stephen Toth. The list included Allen M. Blue, one of the DOD specialists. And the sailors: Allenbaugh, Blanchard, Brown (he would recommend Brown for posthumous commendation), Campbell, Converse, Eisenberg, Goss, Graves, Hayden, Hersey, Higgins, Hoar, Keene, Lenau, Linn, Lupton, Marggraf, Marlborough, Mendle, Nygren, Raper, Rehmeyer, Skolak, John C. Smith and Melvin D. Smith, Spicher, Thompson, Thornton, Tiedtke, Walton, . . . Most of them were naval communications technicians, stationed in the forward compartments, who died in the torpedo's explosion.

Early on the morning of June 9, a lookout sent word that the U.S. destroyer *Davis* was in sight, ready for escort duty. Helicopters arrived from the carrier *America,* to transfer the wounded. During the morning, the fleet tug *Papago* also arrived. The heavy cruiser *Little Rock* joined the parade. The little convoy moved slowly off to Malta, the *Liberty* still listing badly and 25 bodies still entombed in the flooded wreckage of the communications rooms. She arrived at Veletta on the 14th. Awed workers in the shipyard counted 821 separate hits upon the hull and superstructure by bombs, rockets, and machine gun bullets. The teardrop hole left by the torpedo explosion measured 39 feet across.

## II

A Navy Court of Inquiry opened its hearings in London on June 11, and continued them aboard the *Liberty* at Malta through June 17. Admiral I. C. Kidd served as President of the Court; other members were Captains Bernard J. Lauff and Bert M. Atkinson, both attached to headquarters of Admiral John S. McCain Jr., commander in chief of U.S. Naval Forces in Europe.

Almost all of the testimony taken by the court remains in classified status. Some excerpts have been released from McGonagle's transcript. A few quotations from the evidence supplied by Ensign Lucas and Dr. Kiepfer also have been made public. No supporting material whatever, having to do either with *Liberty*'s mission or with the Israeli "mistake," has been released. For the time being, there is no way for the outside observer to form an independent judgment, from the record, upon the Court's conclusions.

We are told that the Court determined that "USS *Liberty* was in international waters, properly marked as to her identity and nationality," at the time the attack occurred. The Court produced evidence "that the Israeli armed forces had ample opportunity to identify *Liberty* correctly," but the Court "had insufficient information before it to make a judgment on the reasons for the decision by Israeli aircraft and motor torpedo boats to attack."

These reasons must remain a mat-



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ter of speculation. There is some evidence, wholly apart from considerations of diplomacy and logic, to sustain the position taken by the Israeli government, that the attack was a tragic mistake. On a windless day, the ensign first hoisted by *Liberty* may well have been drooping unrecognizably from the mast. The second, "holiday" ensign, hoisted just before the torpedo attack, may indeed have been obscured by the smoke. This was the explanation advanced by Micha Limor, an Israeli Naval reservist, in an article written for the Associated Press on July 6. Limor was aboard one of the three torpedo boats.

"About 2,000 yards from the ship," he wrote, "the high masts and many weird antennae showed that this was a warship. The side of the vessel was blotted out by smoke, and apart from three numbers along her side, we could not discern a thing. We could see no flag on the mast, nor was anyone to be seen on the decks and bridge."

### *The Nagging Question*

By Limor's account, the Israeli torpedo boats attempted repeatedly to get some identification from the *Liberty,* but received no response to their signals. Then "a sailor started firing at us with a heavy machine gun from the bridge," and "thus there was no doubt that we were faced by the enemy." It was not until after the torpedo struck home that one of the Israeli boats picked up an object from the sea and saw that it was a rubber lifeboat bearing the name of the U.S. Navy.

Another line of speculation, apart from Limor's generally corroborating statement, was advanced by the Navy Court of Inquiry in an appendix to its report. Here the Court noted that *Liberty* "might have been mistaken for the Egyptian supply ship *El Quseir.*" But the Court went on to say that *El Quseir* bears only a "highly superficial resemblance" to *Liberty.* The Egyptian ship is less than half the size of the American vessel; its superstructure is entirely different; and of course it has none of the elaborate antennae and distinctive radar devices that instantly identify the *Liberty.*

In a statement on June 10, the Pentagon coldly rejected published reports that some unidentified Pentagon spokesmen believed that "a plausible explanation" could be found in human error. Assistant Secretary for Defense Phil G. Goulding said that "we in the department cannot accept an attack upon a clearly marked noncombatant U.S. naval ship in international waters as 'plausible' under any circumstances whatsoever. The suggestion that the United States flag was not visible and the implication that the identification markings were in any way inadequate are both unrealistic and inaccurate. The identification markings of U.S. naval vessels have proven satisfactory for international recognition for nearly 200 years."

During the past month, press service interviews with survivors of the attack have turned up a uniform conviction that the attack was deliberate. Sailors point to the morning-long aerial surveillance; the presence of the flag; the known configuration of the *Liberty;* her name in English on the stern (Egyptian naval ships carry their names in the cursive Arabic script); her slow progression in international waters. All these factors support the crew's conclusion that the assault was no accident.

Opposed to this argument is the line of reasoning which holds that the Israeli goverment was heavily dependent upon the goodwill of the United States; that it would have been utterly irrational for the Israeli navy knowingly to have launched an attack on a U.S. ship; and that the only reasonable explanation is that the incident was a mistake arising from the natural tensions and fallible judgments of a hot war.

So, too, does the mystery of what happened to the orders sent to McGonagle "early on the morning of June 8." All that we are told of these messages—in the plural—is that 1) the orders came directly from the Joint Chiefs of Staff; 2) the orders were "to move farther from the coast," and 3) the orders were "misrouted, delayed, and not received until after the attack."

No communications system is infallible. Humans make errors; the ionosphere plays tricks; power goes off at critical moments; even carriers operating off Vietnam have significant blackout periods when they can neither send nor receive. Granted.

When these possibilities have been given full account, the bare statement that the orders were "misrouted and delayed" remains incredible. One would like to know a great deal more about these "misrouted and delayed" messages. Did they exist? What precisely did they say? Who saw them? When? Where? How did they go astray?

One would also like to know a great deal more, of course, about the specific purpose sought to be served by *Liberty*'s position so close to the Sinai shore. Why thirteen miles out? Or twelve, or fifteen, or whatever it was? Again, the Pentagon's statements strain credulity. The first explanation, recalling that inspirational moment when the downed U-2 was only a missing weather plane, was that *Liberty* had to be close to shore in order to use the moon for message relays. The second explanation was that *Liberty*'s only job was "to assure communication between U.S. Government posts in the Mideast and to assist in relaying information concerning the evacuation of American dependents and other American citizens." This is hardly impressive. Skeptical observers will continue to assume that *Liberty* was engaged upon a general mission of intelligence-gathering and code-breaking; and they will wonder what might have been received, translated, tape-recorded, and fed into computers between, say, 10 o'clock and noon on June 8 that resulted in the pinpoint destruction of the very hull compartments—frame 53 to frame 66—where the electronic gear was housed.

The unanswered questions nag for answers. For the time being, one puts them to the side. On great ships of war, operating in war zones, one comes to expect death, destruction, and heroism. The fire on *Oriskany* last fall, the fearful inferno on *Forrestal* on July 29, were terrible reminders of the violence of war. Men rose to the crises superbly. They were in the true sense, heroes. It is a little different when a virtually unarmed communications ship, navigating peacefully under a neutral flag, is taken by surprise. There too, as Admiral McCain remarked, "heroism was the order of the day." Commander McGonagle has been recommended for an appropriate award.



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# The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

## *Who Are The Mercenaries?*

It is hard to figure out what is meant nowadays by the word "mercenary." It can't mean just somebody who gets paid for being a soldier, because that would include practically everybody from General Wheeler to Private Schweik. One dictionary suggestion is "soldiers serving in a foreign army," but what about those UN peacekeepers or the British officers in the Kenya army? Still, whatever the word means, we all realize it applies first to those white monsters hired and paid, if somewhat irregularly, by the Congolese government.

*Burnham*

Two months ago, shortly after the kidnaping of Tshombe, the mercenaries in the Congo's Northeast "revolted." They slaughtered black and white, burned and looted. Defeated by the gallant Congolese army, they fell back into the bush with a couple of hundred whites as hostages. . . . So, at any rate, the story went, and to most readers it sounded plausible enough. The forces of anarchy were arrayed against the forces of law and order—sort of like in our own cities this summer.

Soon the image began to change remarkably. The "hostages" turned out to be those, black as well as white, who had sought refuge with the mercenaries to avoid the knives (and forks) of the Congolese army. There had been plenty of murdering and looting, not to speak of drinking and raping, all right: by Mobutu's battalions. And the defeated remnant rushing desperately to escape the country became an orderly column escorting the persons under its protection to safe refuge.

Early in the episode, French-born Bob Denard, who had been the mercenaries' chief for several years, was wounded and evacuated to a hospital in Rhodesia. Interviewed there by French reporters, Denard explained something of the Congolese reality:

"We would prefer to see at least one part of the Congo healthy and viable rather than anarchy established everywhere. For this it would be necessary first of all to dissolve that National Congolese Army, composed of mutineers. It lives on the Congo like an army of occupation, pillaging and ransoming. The Congolese soldiers re-sell all medical supplies to speculators; part of the profits go to the people in power in Léopoldville. As for us, we give our rations to the blacks in the villages. We help them repair the roads. . . .

### *Hostages and Machetes*

"Hostages? We never had any hostages. Many Europeans took refuge with us. Those were our hostages. The Simba rebels we fought for two years rallied to us. Why? Because there was nothing left facing them but the men of the Congolese army, who cut up their prisoners with machetes. Without us, the Congo would be the victim of the rebels and of cannibalism."

Self-serving testimony, no doubt, but no one will suspect Britain's far-left *New Statesman* of tainting evidence in favor of mercenaries. Last month it printed a rare first-hand account from northeastern Congo—by Gloria Gould, just returned from a lengthy trip there.

"It is almost impossible to imagine the extent of mismanagement, corruption and foolishness. . . . The mercenaries, regrettably [dear *NS* readers], are crucial to the continued existence of any kind of law and order. . . . When there is trouble, most of the casualties are caused by random shooting by the Congolese troops. . . . It is strange that there are still any Europeans in the Northeast. Some have stayed because their money is tied up. But a few are trying to get the country on its feet again. They are given little encouragement to do so by the Congolese government. . . .

"The vast estates which used to pump out streams of rubber and coffee are being reclaimed by the jungle. The roads in the whole of the Northeast have been out of commission now almost since the day the Belgians left in 1960. After a struggle the mercenaries got some of them back into service, though at a poor level. The French mercenaries, indeed, put forward a scheme to start up the plantations again on a cooperative system. But it was completely ignored by the local authorities, who have no suggestions to make themselves, and do little more than extort bribes from all who are obliged to have any dealings with them. . . .

### *Let Them Have Jeeps*

"Vast amounts of American aid have been sent to the Congo for the last two years, [much of it] to get communications working again. But hundreds of jeeps and trucks have vanished, seemingly into thin air. . . . The jeeps, of course, have been appropriated by Congolese officers for their own private use. . .

"Even the Americans, who ought to be in a favored position, are frequently searched, accused of trying to assassinate Mobutu, arrested and roughed up. . . . One day your documents are in order; the next, for no discernible reason, they are not. Attempts are made to confiscate firearms held by private citizens, both European and Congolese, even in areas where there is no semblance of law and order."

Jean Schramme, who succeeded Denard as leader of the Northeast mercenaries and the Katangese units that have joined them, is not, as a matter of fact, a professional soldier in any sense, but a longtime settler trying to keep his people alive and his land producing. Mobutu now aims to use the whites of the Congo as hostages to compel Schramme to disband his followers and leave the country. Schramme may have to do so to forestall a massacre in Kinshasa and Lumbumbashi, but it is probable that others, both black and white, will be moved toward this sort of feudal response to anarchy.



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# *Soviet Progress: A Debate*

EUGENE LYONS

*v.*

ROGER FREEMAN

**Says Mr. Lyons: Mr. Freeman is wrong when he claims the USSR is making great economic strides with the adoption of certain free market incentives. Mr. Freeman disagrees, and warns of the danger of underestimating the Russians**

## Mr. Lyons:

I am deeply puzzled by the article, "What Makes Ivan Run?," by Roger A. Freeman (*NR*, March 7, 1967). The Soviet economic system, indivisible from its hideous political system, seems a strange model for comparison in assailing the fallacies of "progressive" taxation and the welfare state in the United States. In effect, Mr. Freeman seems to make a case for the superiority of a totalitarian economy in which "incentives" are provided by hunger, "enthusiasm" enforced by the police. The cure he celebrates is infinitely worse than the disease.

His method is curious. He tells us what Soviet spokesmen claim, then fails to expose the falsity of the claim, thus appearing to agree by silence. For instance, Soviet economists hold, he writes, that under the free enterprise system American workers get "only crumbs," whereas Soviet workers "know that they work for themselves and for their co-workers rather than for capitalist profits." Surely he knows that the U.S. worker gets a larger slice of the economic product than the Soviet worker, yet he lets it go at that, disdaining to refute the propaganda clichés.

His Soviet sources cited *relative* rates of growth as proof of the superiority of "socialist" methods. Presumably Mr. Freeman knows that a fully developed nation neither needs nor can absorb excessively rapid rates of expansion. The test is not in percentual growth, in which an economy starting at a low base scores easily, but in absolute terms of quantity and quality, including the quality of the life of the population. But he doesn't challenge the Soviet claims.

He records without contradiction the assertion of the Soviet rulers that they have "the loyalty and cooperation of their own citizens." In that case, why have they needed the world's largest and most ruthless secret police establishment, forced-labor camps through which (in the aggregate) at least 50 million people have passed, death penalties for an array of "economic crimes"? It is a strange kind of loyalty that must be maintained by firing squads and death camps.

### *Introducing the Profit Motive*

With the same credulity Mr. Freeman credits the USSR with "an ingenious system of material as well as intangible incentives." By his own account the ingenuity comes down to forcing millions to work at semi-starvation wages as the only alternative to full starvation. Other elements of the ingenuity, unmentioned in the article, are the prohibition of strikes and savage punishment for mistakes and failures.

Mr. Freeman gathered his information, he reports, "largely by interviewing people in all walks of life." From them he learned that the workers and managers "labor with dedication and enthusiasm." That is not merely untrue but grotesque, and will be a surprise to the Kremlin bosses. Actually the Soviet press and leadership complain perpetually and bitterly that the people are apathetic. In recent years, indeed, the Kremlin has been trying to superimpose some free market devices, particularly profit motives, on their constipated command system, precisely in order to raise incentives, cut down spoilage and waste on a scale close to sabotage, and cure the built-in inefficiency of centralized planning.

Mr. Freeman attests "the undeniable success" of Soviet economy. How would he square undeniable success with an unproductive state-feudal system of agriculture, tragically chronic scarcity of consumer goods, living standards that only since the mid-1950s have begun to rise marginally above pre-revolution levels, the admitted inability of Soviet industry to absorb the new technology, continuing inflation? Talk of undeniable success is especially startling at this time, when the Kremlin can no longer conceal its sharpening economic crises and has even shelved the slogans about overtaking and outdistancing America.

Roger Freeman apparently accepts gross industrial product as the sole criterion of success, though all other aspects of economic and social health show undeniable failures. But other nations, starting at roughly comparable economic levels—the U.S. about 1870, Japan at the turn of the century, for example—grew as fast or faster, not alone in heavy but in light industry and agriculture, without resort to mass terror and sacrifice of millions of lives. Russia itself, which was already on the road to vigorous industrialization in 1914, would unquestionably have done as well or better under a relatively free economy.

### *Soviet Economy Is Lopsided*

Nothing the Soviet police state has accomplished can be credited specifically to the magic of socialism—nothing that has not been matched by others in free economies. None of the major free-economy nations has stood still those fifty years. The Soviet economy is lopsided, swollen in some areas and withered in others. It is plagued by inadequate transportation, widespread theft of state property, a restive and ever more defiant citizenry.

True, total planning and total disregard of the needs of the people



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have enabled the dictatorship to concentrate on selected projects to enhance the power of the state, but always at the expense of the rest of the economy. It has chalked up conspicuous successes in limited areas, paid for by the suffering and degradation of the masses. Given the immensity of Russian resources and manpower, given an industrious and intelligent people, it would have been a miracle if the oligarchy had failed to pile up its priority products.

### *Is the USSR Standing Still?*

In gross economy totals the USSR, with nearly 50 per cent of the American total, is in second place among the nations. But if the totals are measured on a *per capita* basis, it drops down to fifth place, and when all measurable indices (wages, living standards, productivity per man-hour, etc.) are taken into account, it plummets to twentieth place. Even in periods of most rapid growth, 1928-40 and 1950-58, the Soviet pace of expansion was matched or exceeded by Japan, Austria, Greece, Turkey, Israel and other nations.

Calculating not only big industry but an array of other criteria used by scholars in this field, Professor Cyril E. Black of Princeton concluded recently: "In the perspective of fifty years, the ranking of the USSR in economic and social indices *per capita* has not changed significantly. So far as available evidence permits judgment, the USSR has not overtaken any country or surpassed any country since 1917, and the nineteen or twenty countries that rank higher than Russia on a *per capita* basis today also ranked higher in 1900 or 1917."

### *Soviet Unemployment Grows*

When quality factors are taken into consideration, the Soviet picture is even bleaker. Mr. Freeman would do well to balance his personal interviews by consulting the study of this factor made for a U.S. congressional committee in 1964 by Joseph A. Gwyer of the Library of Congress, one of the ablest analysts of the Soviet economy. Inferior goods, he showed, are endemic in the planned economy, making a shambles of the impressive totals.

The official Moscow *Voprosy Ekonomiki* in February 1967, confirmed that this condition has been getting worse since 1964. "The problem of repair and maintenance of shoddy industrial equipment has been one of the most pressing," the magazine writes, "and its magnitude may be judged from the fact alone that today the Soviet Union employs 4 to 4.5 million people on repairs of metal-working machinery, automobiles, tractors and electrical equipment . . . There are 250,000 repairmen per one million automobiles in operation." At the current rate of deterioration of manufactured goods, the USSR should have some nine million people on repair jobs by 1970, a figure without precedent or match in free-enterprise systems.

Before rushing to acknowledge the "success" of the Kremlin's economy, Western observers have an obligation to make discounts for startlingly excessive costs of production, in man-hours, capital and wasted materials. They should discount the claims, too, by reference to the price in human suffering and degradation. The Soviets have attained impressive gross figures by sacrificing all other values, exploiting the population unmercifully and crippling the most important industry of all: production of food.

Mr. Freeman's emphasis on the elimination of unemployment is extraordinary, since Moscow itself in recent years has dropped that claim and is openly discussing its growing unemployment problem. One prominent Soviet economist, Professor Abel Aganbegyan, declared that as many as 25 to 30 per cent of able-bodied workers in small and medium-sized cities are idle; his figure for the larger cities is 8 per cent. Even in earlier decades, when there was no unemployment in Soviet Russia, it was hardly a proper example for other countries—there are no unemployed in prisons. Any society could "solve" its employment problem by putting some 20 per cent of the labor-capable males into slave camps as Stalin did.

Mr. Freeman reaches his "astonishing and bittersweet conclusions" —more optimistic than those of the regime itself—by ignoring everything except inflated Soviet industrial statistics. His infatuation with the 5-kopek ride in a "sparkling clean Moscow subway" is strange indeed, after he has made clear that the subway is maintained by droves of underpaid, half-starved workers. As an argument for police-state economy it is on a par with the boast that Mussolini made the Italian trains run on time or that Hitler built magnificent highways.

## Mr. Freeman Replies:

That Eugene Lyons, whose work I greatly admire, should so utterly misunderstand what I wrote in "What Makes Ivan Run?" disturbs me. The answers are all there. That I finally decided to write this reply is due to two considerations: If Eugene Lyons is so confused about the thesis of my



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article there is a possibility, however small, that others might be likewise confused. But more importantly: While I view with Mr. Lyons the Soviet system as inherently and irrevocably evil, I sharply disagree with his conclusion that their economic efforts have failed, that their policies are so wasteful and inefficient that they are leading Russia to a steadily deteriorating condition and to eventual ruin.

This is about the most dangerous type of thinking we could engage in. Other nations in history, the most powerful of their time, fell because their citizens lulled themselves into a false sense of security by persuading themselves and one another that the backward barbarians could never seriously challenge them and that they themselves would remain on top forever. As it is, I am troubled by the thought that the growing power of the Soviet Union (and of Red China)—coupled with their unalterable ambition for world domination—poses a grave threat to the future of the free world, and that the worst thing we could do is to underrate the strength of our enemies. It is for this reason that I wrote the article and that I deem it necessary to reply to some of Mr. Lyons' charges in detail.

That I do not believe a socialist economy to be superior is evident from several references in the article but most clearly from this paragraph:

> Soviet society is anything but a classless society. It succeeded economically not because it followed Marxist principles but because it abandoned them when the political leadership learned the hard way that they do not work. The Soviets then copied the techniques of material motivation which lie at the root of growth in capitalist countries and refined them to serve their ends.

In short: the Soviet economy is successful to the extent to which it copies free market methods—though it finds it politically necessary to clothe them in Marxist terminology and declare them to be Leninism brought up to date. Conversely, the U.S. economy falls short of its potential to the extent to which we have adopted Marxist principles in our economic policy—though we find it politically necesary to clothe them in classic economic terms and declare them to be capitalism brought up to date (aggiornamento is everywhere these days).

In regard to Russian workers I said: ". . . But the proposition that a hundred million workers perpetually exert themselves to the limit for ideological reasons without material incentives is hardly persuasive."

The theme of my article is that the Soviet government found it necessary to motivate workers by offering sizable material incentives. This should answer Mr. Lyons' statement: "From [the Russian people he interviewed] he learned that the workers and managers 'labor with dedication and enthusiasm.' "

## *How Motivate the Managers?*

Mr. Lyons refers repeatedly to force brought to bear on Russian workers, states that they labor because of " 'enthusiasm' enforced by police, . . . the world's largest and most ruthless secret police establishment, . . . forced-labor camps through which (in the aggregate) at least 50 million people have passed, . . . death penalties for an array of 'economic crimes.' " Mr. Lyons is certainly correct in calling the Soviet Union a police state. But when he attributes current production records to police methods he is in error and badly out of date. The Stalin days have long been over.

I wrote:

> Many Americans believe that Russian workers are forced to work hard by punitive methods and under steady threats. This is not borne out by the facts of labor law and labor practice in the Soviet Union of the 1960s.
>
> Moreover, disciplinary methods and force have distinct limitations: slaves have never been efficient workers. Also, a management and professional class and its inventiveness and dedication cannot be commandeered, at least not very effectively or for very long.

But managers, professionals and workers can be motivated by appealing to their self-interest.

I tried to offer an answer to a question that had been troubling me and many other people for some years. Lecturing on comparative economics I had been pointing at the outstanding success in the postwar period of such free market countries as Japan, Malaysia, Thailand and Taiwan, besides the Western and Central European nations, and at the obvious economic failure of such centrally planned and socialist countries as India, Indonesia, Burma, Ghana etc. This certainly suggested the superior effectiveness of capitalist methods.

But once when I presented this thesis, the editor of one of the largest metropolitan dailies raised a pointed question: "If central planning is so inefficient, how do you explain the economic rise of the Soviet Union?" At the time, and for some months after, I was unable to come up with an answer that satisfied me. So, I decided to find out for myself "what makes Ivan run?". Hence my visit to the Soviet Union and the article which, I believe, supplies the answer.

But Mr. Lyons finds the Soviet Union to be an economic failure; he refers to "the admitted inability of Soviet industry to absorb the new technology, continuing inflation." Continuing inflation? In the United States, yes! In the Soviet Union, no. The price level in the Soviet Union has been stable for two decades and even showed a decline in the early part of the period. The consumer price index (retail prices), taking 1950 as 100, stood at 87 in 1952 and has remained at 76 for some years (*New Directions in the Soviet Economy*, Joint Economic Committee of Congress, 1966, p. 87). The Soviet government has been applying part of the yield of productivity increases to raising wages, absorbed part into the state budget (through the profits tax), and applied a small share to lowering some prices. In the United States we have been boosting wages at a faster rate than productivity gains, so we have had inflation—the consumer price index now stands at 135, taking 1950 as 100—and will probably continue on that road. Maybe that yields a bigger political payoff, but I am not so sure that it is the best policy for the country.

## *Is USSR Really Classless?*

How about the "admitted inability to absorb the new technology"? A little over ten years ago a well known columnist commented that we had no reason to be afraid of the Soviet Union as long as it could not even manufacture a decent Chevrolet. A few months later the Russians orbited Sputnik. We consoled ourselves then by saying that we had been caught

**(Continued on p. 982)**



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# FROM THE ACADEMY

## *Neoterism In Catholic Colleges*

RUSSELL KIRK

How pleasant to hear the Winds of Change roaring through Catholic colleges and universities! So, at least, we are told by Mr. John Cogley and company. (Mr. Cogley has been preferred to as a living Torquemada of the Holy Liberal Inquisition at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, where he is to edit a magazine called the *Center*—of the Abyss, I take it.) But many senior professors at Catholic institutions think otherwise.

"Great has been the most odious of revolutions!" So writes to me a well known scholar at a (though not *The*) Catholic university. "Our university is changed almost out of recognition, and by no means in all respects for the better. It is this goddam sentimental ecumenicalism, or should I say sexumenicalism? We have sponsored large public discussions of homosexuals and abortion, and are to have a seminar on birth-control. . . . How silly and unreal and juvenile to imagine that any efforts of yours or mine could reverse the currents—what vanity! Let us help God to save our souls—that is the main point."

*Kirk*

Quite abruptly, discussion of Catholic universities has become fashionable in the liberal journals, which long ignored any alleged works of the mind in such places. *Harper's* describes Notre Dame at length; *Saturday Review* rejoices over the innovations at Fordham. The University of Chicago Press publishes a volume called *The Shape of Catholic Higher Education,* "employing the tools of social science and high-level journalism," with a foreword by Mr. David Riesman, that eminent Papist.

The DISINTEGRATED liberals' enthusiasm for the new brooms at Catholic colleges amounts to this: the Catholic institutions rapidly are being secularized, in every sense of the word; soon they will be virtually indistinguishable from state universities and from private universities that long ago cast off their moorings to Protestant sects; and in the foreseeable future, colleges and universities maintained by Catholic orders may cease to exist altogether, what with the difficulty of raising money and the decay of their original ends. The liberals, in fine, come to praise the Romans at long last—and to bury them. How kind! And how pleased the presidents of some Catholic institutions seem when they are told by liberal educationists that their colleges are becoming almost as good as second-rate state institutions.

A decade ago, I spoke at the National Catholic Education Association's convention, on the state of Catholic colleges, and later published my remarks under the title "An Outsider Looks at Catholic Colleges." At that time, I pointed out that if such colleges are to survive and to leaven the lump of American culture, they must give up quantitative competition with state institutions and turn to reinvigorating the moral imagination and the works of right reason. Not a few Catholic college and university presidents then were afraid to admit to their faculties anybody who might in the slightest degree stir up thought in those complacent backwaters.

But NOW these institutions, or many of them, have fallen into the opposite gulf. They are afflicted by an Avis mentality: they know they're only second best, so they try harder to devise educational oddities. The new experimental college at Fordham has but one fixed requirement for graduation: the mastery of Urdu. (Perhaps Bronx masses soon will be said in the Urdu vernacular.) St. Thomas and St. Augustine are cast down from their high places at the same university, and Mr. Marshall McLuhan is become the law and all the prophets. In the old days, the graduate of a Catholic university lay under the presumption of being a dullard; now he may bear the stigma of a freak.

Few Catholic educators, it appears, perceive any Golden Mean between the best football squad and the best inner-city institute for conferring pseudo-degrees upon the "culturally deprived." Yet the greatest book about the purpose of the university was written by a Catholic of genius, John Henry Newman. Today there is a movement to canonize Cardinal Newman, but no parallel movement to clothe his educational principles with flesh. A decade from now, as matters are drifting, it may be too late to recognize the truth in *The Idea of a University*: Federal and state taxation may have dried up sources of support for Catholic colleges; nominal tuition charges at state institutions may have drawn off the remaining students from "Catholic" colleges which are half ashamed of their origins; and the diminished resources of the Catholic educators may have been squandered upon projects worthy of the Academy of Lagado.

CATHOLIC COLLEGES can destroy themselves either by dullness or by folly —and, despite all their faults, the loss to the American mind and character would be grievous. Unless such Catholic leaders and scholars as Bishop John J. Wright and Monsignor John Tracy Ellis and Father Leo R. Ward contrive to prevail over the dullards and neoterists, their collapse may be not long deferred.

Assimilation to the "secular city," so much applauded by those disintegrated liberals who patronize Catholic colleges in what they take to be their last hour of existence, is precisely the course Catholic educators should take—if they are bent upon their own destruction. Truly change is the means of our preservation, as Burke said; but change severed from tradition and purpose is the path of Avernus. If Mr. David Riesman should be enthroned as president of Georgetown, a young Catholic would do better to sit at the feet of the Schoolmen of Dismal Swamp A. & M.



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## Just 107 Shopping Days Till . . .

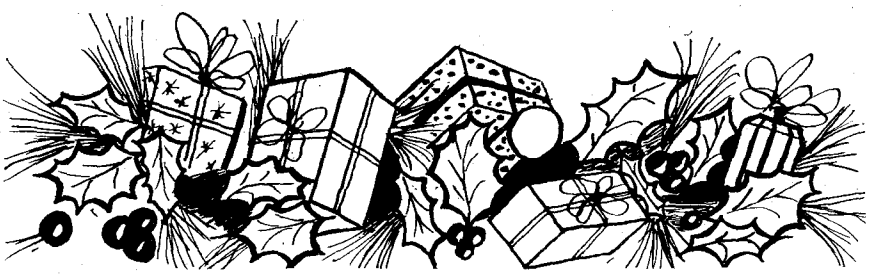
# Corporate Gift Giving Made Easy

NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

One of the more ingenious expressions of the American way of life has come to my notice recently, a combination of the pleasures of giving, receiving and tax exemptions that would warm the cockles of any misanthrope's heart. It is called The Corporate Holiday Gift and it makes any non-corporate mind, such as mine, reel at its width, depth and scope. The Corporate Holiday Gift is not what I had always assumed, one or a couple of bottles of liquor for the men, or perfume, toilet water or dusting powder for the ladies (according to the giver's temperament) to show us that the spirit of the Holy Yuletide season touches the most callous merchandiser's heart. No, dear reader, the Corporate Holiday Gift is so magnificent and munificent that it reached a volume of $350 million in 1967 and will go even higher this year, so the experts say. The august emporiums of the rich, such as Tiffany's and Cartier's, cater to it just as the bazaars where slide rules and glassware are sold, and mighty glad they all are of the business too. There is no limit to what you can spend on giving, though there is one as to what you can tax deduct, of which more later. And the gifts, all in all, are mighty nice things that I, for one, would be mighty glad to have.

Business gift giving has a special etiquette of its own. Before we go into what to give and how to give it, a word about them who receive. Mainly, they are good customers, especially purchasing agents, and no more needs to be said. Recipients are also people in the donor's firm—his secretaries and assistants, for example, but rarely, aside from the standard Christmas cash bonus, all employees. Regardless of who receives, there is a definite straightforward attitude in the giving, which is now prevalent, compared to former days, and well enforced. Many purchasing agents, for instance, are forbidden by their employers to accept gifts at all, or they may only accept gifts of a certain cash value. The giving of straight cash to purchasing agents is universally frowned upon and no kidding about it. I also heard about a young assistant purchasing agent in a friend's firm who was about to pop the question to his young lady. Hearing of this, a major supplier offered to buy the engagement ring. The young man told his boss—and the supplier lost the firm's business.

This fits right in the trend to less lavish gifts, as my research shows. *Sales Management*, a publication that supports business gift giving warmly, prints ten guidelines about it which stress that gift value should be proportionate to the position of each recipient, that extravagant gifts are in poor taste, that gifts should be useful, durable and dependable, chosen to the taste of each group and, preferably, to each individual.



What interested me greatly was the trend to nicer giving. The same publication also suggests (and this was confirmed by my research as to what actually happens) that business gifts should be delivered preferably at home, or personally, or with a handwritten note or card. The whole family should be kept in mind, choosing business gifts that they all can enjoy.

The same trend to nicer giving also shows up increasingly in the gifts themselves. One thoughtful executive sends everyone on his list a new Christmas tree ornament every year. Such a gift is truly in the spirit of Christmas, and a joy for years to come. Handsome Christmas tree ornaments can be picked up in all sorts of places, from Latin American stores such as Fred Leighton in New York, or Scandinavian baubles (and they are the most delicious things to hang on a tree) from Jensen on Fifth Avenue. Everybody is sure to have a pet place to buy tree hangings, but one that has outstanding ornaments is Holtzermann's in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Another Christmassy thing I would adore to receive is an assortment of Christmas wreaths, holly, greens and so on to decorate the house with. G. R. Kirk Co., of Puyallup, Washington, will mail these to your gift list, with a card, and most of the greens are under $10. Among the most inexpensive and tasteful gifts are calendars from UNICEF and the great museums of our country. The very handsome ones put out by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and, in New York, the Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Modern Art come immediately to mind. And I am sure that there must be others.

Magazine subscriptions would seem another natural gift that could be tailored to the recipients' tastes and give pleasure throughout the year. Since charity begins at home, why not try NATIONAL REVIEW?

Another present that will please the whole family, and which furthermore can be made to fit the importance of the recipient, is a membership in the Fruit-of-the-Month Club, which for three, six or twelve months, and no doubt for a lifetime also, provides enormous delicious and most handsomely packed fruit. I know from experience, but alas, I've never ranked beyond a single offering, which shows my place in the hierarchy of gift giving. This membership is to be obtained from Harry and David Inc., Medford, Oregon. A similar operation is Treasures of the World (Freeport, N.Y.) which every month (or every other month) will send a handsome gift from a different corner of the



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globe. Many of the gifts are handicrafts not generally obtainable in this country.

One man I talked to made an interesting remark about the basic dilemma of corporate giving. If you try to fit the gift to the individual's needs, you never know if he already *has* it, e.g., a golf-ball washer. To escape this, some people give far-out gifts in the recipient's area of interest—but such gifts are a) so absurd as to be silly and b) often so junkily made that they are wrecks by the New Year. My man prefers something generally useful, but distinguished by its handsome design or craftsmanship. Gifts from the Zippo Mfg. Co. of Bradford, Pa., would fall into this category. They have nice small things such as their lighter (the best in the world), golf balls, pocket knives, steel tape rules and such, and they will apply your trademark or firm name. (As for the imprinting of one's name it should be borne in mind that the gift is something to promote good will and be useful, and that since things are far more useful and handsome *without* a tradename or the name of a firm, they will thus promote far more good will. The exceptions are small trinkets, like lighters.)

An excellent way to escape the liquor-perfume trap and the vulgarity syndrome of super-cute electric martini stirrers, Lava-Lites and glow-in-the-dark Last Supper tablecloths is to go to Tiffany's, Abercrombie and Fitch and Hammacher-Schlemmer in New York, all of whom have splendid mail-order catalogues should one not be able to tottle in. Tiffany's Business Gift Division will take your list, wrap each gift in a status-drenched Tiffany box and mail it. You even get a volume discount: 10 per cent up to $2,500 and 15 per cent beyond. They will send anything from an item costing as little as $3 to the famous Tiffany diamond costing $900,000 for a colossal 187 karat stone. (Being more modest, I personally would settle on a pearl necklace for $93,000, Bill Buckley please note.)

However, it is comforting to know that a great many charming and useful Tiffany gifts cost less than $10. Especially popular among both donors and recipients are a sterling safety razor sheath that protects your razor while traveling for $4.50, bar accessories in sterling that include a roly-poly at $5, a boxed set of snap-on sterling bottle sealing caps for the same price, and for $16, a vermouth dispensing oilcan. All can be initialed (a welcome touch with any initiable gift) for $1 each. For $10, you get sterling pencils and Clipits for newspaper clippings and charming little sterling picture frames. Cat lovers are sure to appreciate a four-inch high whimsical Tiffany porcelain cat for $20, but *the* big favorite Tiffany gift of all times with executive givers is the $4.25 key ring with tag.

I have always thought that the most glorious gift of all times would be a presentation of the complete Abercrombie and Fitch catalogue. The one I have before me begins with Abercrombie and Fitch flies, leaders, fly boxes and fly rod lures and ends with the most comfortable ladies' shoes in the world, the Abercrombie "flatties." Anything between this beginning and end is just madly desirable, from the world's lightest power saw that will cut 24-inch tree trunks at $199.95 to the incredibly smart male and female sports clothes for active and passive sports, the best looking tote bags (under $10) and a Mighty Midget Car that can be operated on the Jersey Turnpike as well as on your golf course for $995. It could be equipped with a three-tone Maserati horn for $34.50 and carry the Authterlonie Golf Clubs which are said to be the finest made, at $228 the set. Of course one might not want to keep every object in the catalogue, but wouldn't it be fun to be able to dispense a little largesse in the shape of a bird feeder for $9, the first ever engineered to give small birds their food, or a handsome director's chair for $21.50, a foghorn that can be heard a mile away ($15.75) or a shoulder holster to carry money and papers when traveling for $6.50?

At Hammacher-Schlemmer in New York, which is to household equipment and gifts what Versailles is to a salt box, there is a very wide choice of gifts that cannot miss. Here one can find the first really handsome letter postage scale that I have ever seen ($17.50) which is one of the greatest boons to any household, saving endless trips to the post office; the Electramatic cordless knife ($35) that is both safe and makes carving really easy (this from my own experience) and what I would consider a *most desirable* gift to anybody living where the tap water is as atrocious as in New York—the Aqua-Spring, an apparatus that converts salt or tap water into pure distilled water that meets U.S. standards ($45). This converter needs no installation and just plugs in and apart from making drinking water palatable again, it will make a world of difference to one's coffee or tea—this again from experience.

This much for individually selected gifts. For those who do not want, nor are able, to bother, Top Value Enterprises of Dayton, Ohio (the trading stamp firm) has a service: you decide how much to spend on each person on your list and send each a "Choose-a-Gift" catalog with certificate. Gifts include cameras, ice buckets, waffle irons and glassware and the whole idea certainly would save time and give people what they want.

Now to the tax angle that makes Corporate Giving even more appealing and proves that the IRS is human, if not in April, at least at Christmas. As a business expense, IRS allows you to deduct $25 per recipient per year of the cost of your giving. The $25 represents *cost to donor,* not retail value, volume discounts being usually available. The cost of wrapping, packaging and mailing is not included in the $25 limit except where the packaging is of intrinsic value. That is, if you present a potted palm costing you $15 dollars, in a palm pot costing $10, you may deduct the whole $25 dollars. But note: the Feds don't care how much you spend on gifts—but they will allow you only $25 per person per year. Nevertheless, yes Virginia, there is a Santa in IRS. Abandoning themselves to an orgy of Yuletide sentiment, the Feds go even further. An item costing less than $4, and imprinted with the name or trademark of the donor's company is *not* considered a gift. Another exception to the $25 rule are tickets to shows and sporting events, very popular gifts all, which when given simply to the recipient may be deducted as a gift. But if you accompany the recipient to the event, then you must deduct the cost as entertainment, not as a gift.

**(Continued on p. 981)**



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# Missing Out on Paris

ALEC WAUGH

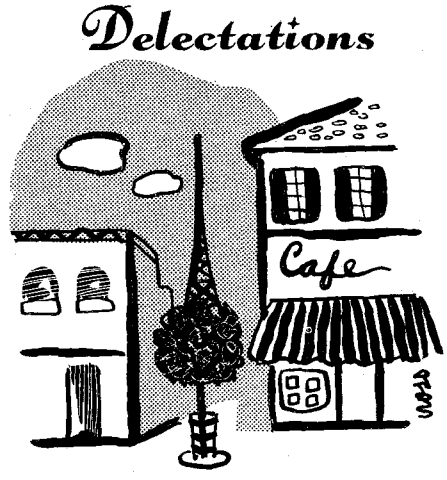
During last year's PEN Club Congress in New York—PEN stands for Poets, Editors, Essayists, Novelists—the delegate from the Ivory Coast suggested that the next congress should be held in Abidjan. His invitation was warmly and gratefully accepted and quite a number of us planned our summer in terms of a charter flight from Paris on the last Friday in July. It was a bitter disappointment when the project was abruptly canceled in mid-May. What a reshaping of our schedules; which for me had an added corollary of irritation. I should have to put in an extra three days in Paris.

To most people that would not seem a fate worse than death and forty years ago I should have been delighted by that bonus dividend. All my life I have been an ardent Francophile. In my early years I soaked myself in the literature of nineteenth-century France—Balzac, Flaubert, Maupassant—and to me France in those days was Paris. In a German prisoner of war camp, I pored over the illustrations of the Albert Michel Edition of *Bel-Ami*. One day I would tread those boulevards.

I went there for the first time in the summer of 1922. I was bound for the Riviera and I fancied that I had enough francs to finance three days on the Left Bank. I was enchanted. I quaffed my morning *bock* in the *Rotonde;* I patronized the bookstalls on the *quais;* I paced the galleries of the Louvre and the Orangerie; I lunched in the Café de la Paix; I watched the Seine curve between its flowered banks; I sauntered round the Promenade of the Folies Bergeres. Just as Bel-Ami had done, I explored the legend of the Chabanais. As soon as I reached Cannes, I cabled home for cash.

During the early Twenties when I had a part-time office job in London, I could take only brief holidays abroad and I sought the sun, in Italy or the South of France. But I always spent two or three days in Paris on my way south, invariably spending so much in the process that I had to economize in Nice and Florence. "I'd have had a better time," I'd think, "if I hadn't stopped off in Paris."

By 1926 I had begun to feel that it was time I gave up playing Rugby football. I was doing well enough as a writer to resign my office desk. Why not, I thought, take an apartment in Paris, spend the autumn and the winter there, returning to England for the summer and the cricket? It seemed a very feasible proposition. How different my life would have been had I accepted it. The Paris of the Twenties which is so legendary now, the Paris of Gertrude Stein and Hemingway and Scott Fitzgerald; of the Shakespeare Book Shop, of *transition* and Ford Madox Ford! I could so easily have been a part of it. But




the influence of Maugham had become more potent than that of Maupassant. The palm trees and the lagoons of the Pacific whispered their siren summons. Paris could wait. But Paris is an exacting mistress who will not wait. If one once misses one's chance with her, one misses it forever. That postman does not knock twice, and by the time I had finished my long round-the-world trip to the Pacific, I had begun to put down those roots in the United States that have grown deeper and stronger with the years.

Perhaps if one is a townsman—as I am—one can really only love one city other than one's own and for me that city is New York. I have never since my earliest days felt foreign in it. On my first lengthy visit, I took an apartment for four months in a block at the corner of Lexington and 36th. And if you live in an apartment, doing your own marketing, taking out your laundry, employing your own weekly help, you become automatically a part of the city's life. It is because I have never done just that in Paris, that I have never been part of Paris.

And it was for that reason that as the Thirties passed, I began to feel a mounting resentment towards Paris. I felt cheated. I always spent more money than I meant and never seemed to get my money's worth. Why spend as much there in three days as I would in ten in Beaune or Brittany or Beaulieu? I started to say all the things that it was becoming fashionable to say, that Paris was not France, that the Parisians were mean and avaricious, short-mindedly killing the goose that should be laying them golden eggs.

And of course I recognize it now, I was being monstrously unjust to Paris, as one is when one is jealous, and I was jealous of the rich life that was quivering on every side of me but of which I could not become a part, because I had not way back in 1926 served my apprenticeship. Cities like Paris, London and New York withhold their secrets from the six-day vacationer. You have to be a sojourner, not a visitor. Paris, I realize now, is one of the things in life that I have missed and it is just because it could have meant so much to me, because it had already come to mean so much to me through its writers and its painters, that at one time I felt illogically resentful.

There is nothing to be done about it now. I realize that. I have grown resigned. As I stroll along the Seine, relishing its unmatched beauty, I try to savor with appropriate nostalgia the sense of missed opportunities. Once I spent in transit a night at Orly Airport, rather than go down to the boulevards and cafés. Now I have ceased trying to avoid it. Yet even so when I learned later in June that the PEN Congress was after all to be held in Abidjan, there was added to my general excitement over a trip to an as-yet-unvisited part of the world, a mild but definite relief that I should not have to spend a week in Paris.



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# The gift book of the year

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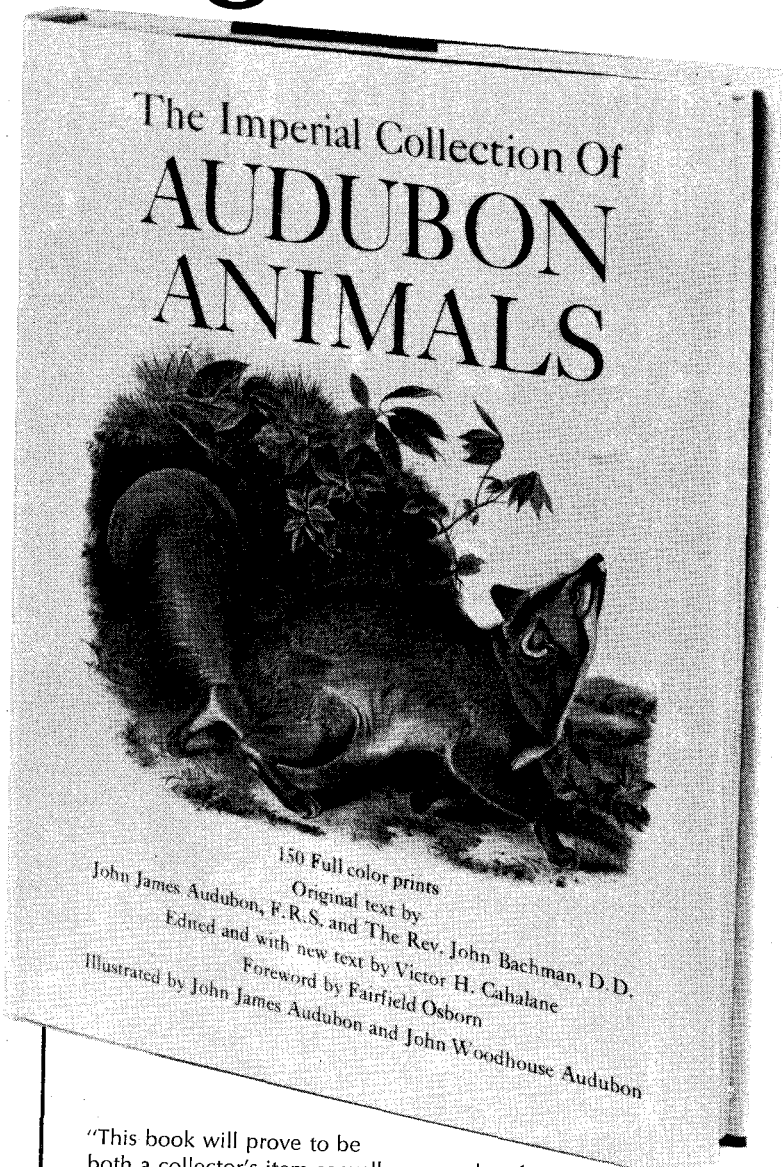
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# The World—Gritty, Particular

HUGH KENNER

On the Joyce shelf, what he didn't write for publication now considerably exceeds in bulk what he did: the *Stephen Hero* manuscript, the *Scribbledehobble* notebook, the *Critical Writings,* the 1957 *Letters,* and now two more volumes which bring the published correspondence alone to a wordage exceeding that of *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* combined. Add Mr. Ellmann's megatherium biography; add the dozens upon dozens of volumes of commentary, exegesis, introduction, orientation; stand back for a synoptic view; and the mere half-million-plus words on which Joyce chose to be judged dwindle to the thickness of a cutting edge backed up by an astonishing bulk of brute metal.

And Joyce brought the whole phenomenon into existence, cutting edge, axe-head and all. Flaubert, by contrast, merely ground a new edge on something we may call "the novel." But the Joyce phenomenon has oddly little to do with the novel, with fiction, with literature. Joyce wrote in the knowledge that there would be commentaries; he virtually invented his own commentators; in the Twenties and Thirties we see him equipping the first-generation Joyceans with credentials and with themes. Over a period of seventeen years he not only wrote *Finnegans Wake* but brought it bit by bit and draft by draft into print with such skilful marshalling of elucidative essays that what might have plopped into public gaze a stillborn elephant was moderately well understood before it was even published.

WE LEARN from the three volumes of Letters how this and much else was done, as Joyce charms, cajoles, coerces, commands everyone within reach of his pen. The pervasive air of egocentricity is inescapable, but it wants defining: it is not quite what it seems. He seems interested in no one's welfare but his own. This is misleading. He is interested in the welfare of a unique talent which he happens to possess, or which happens to possess him.

A Blake, commanding favors in Joyce's way, would be commanding them in the name of the world's salvation from "single vision and Newton's sleep"—all men alive the ultimate beneficiaries. A Milton (and Milton's temperament was comparably imperious) would, if his affairs had entailed so constant a seeking of favors, have issued his imperatives in the name of Learning and Poetry, which men have been agreeing to venerate for many generations. But Joyce did not require allegiance to some such familiar abstraction, which he could be understood as serving and as inviting others to serve. His appeal was in the name of something so impossible to separate from him that we tend to see him as commanding service for himself alone: his supreme executive skill with language.

Not insight he enjoyed, not learning he embodied, but that: that unmatched facility, like a surgeon's ("the greatest master of English since Milton," T. S. Eliot called him): that was the daemon on behalf of which he bade his brother hew wood and draw water, tailors forgo their bills and landlords their rent, his father send money, his Dublin friends and relatives forward data, and acquaintances and colleagues exert influence, sign petitions, read proofs, talk to editors. It is the post-Flaubertian, post-Symbolist mark of genius; and as Picasso is the first Great Painter, not the first to paint greatly but the first to be called quite simply to the Great Painter's destiny, so Joyce was the first Great Writer. That was what he could do: Write; and not giving the age what it expected of a writer, as Milton gave the seventeenth century its epic, but writing what lay in him to write, a chapter in the "moral history" (as he put it) of the country in which he happened to be born.

For we persistently misunderstand the nature of language when we suppose that primarily executive talents like Joyce's may be discounted because they shape words in a void. His forte was not "fine writing"; fine writing is a vice, a self-indulgence, quite exactly an egocentricity. He was a recorder of exact experience exactly understood, and of his own experience because no man can understand anyone else's so intimately. If the Great Writer's subject tends at last to be his own accuracy, that accuracy is itself a moral virtue, and his attention to it morally beneficial for his readers.

THUS HE READS his contemporaries "without blinking, patiently trying to see whether the writer was trying to express something he had understood," and remarked of stories about "beautiful, pure faithful Connacht girls and lithe, broad-shouldered open-faced young Connacht men" that no such people had come under his observation; and he also noted that George Gissing committed such sentences as " 'Arry, in fact, to use a coarse but expressive phrase, was a hopeless blackguard"; and he noted that these characteristics, the unreal people and the unreal language, occurred together, and that this concurrence ministered to no one's benefit.

Such fictions were fatuous entertainment-machines, readily constructed; he thought (age 23) that if he had "a phonograph or a clever stenographist" he could certainly write any of the novels he had read lately in seven or eight hours. He had been reading Elinor Glyn, Marie

**James Joyce, *Letters, Vols. II and III,* edited by Richard Ellmann. Viking, $25.00**



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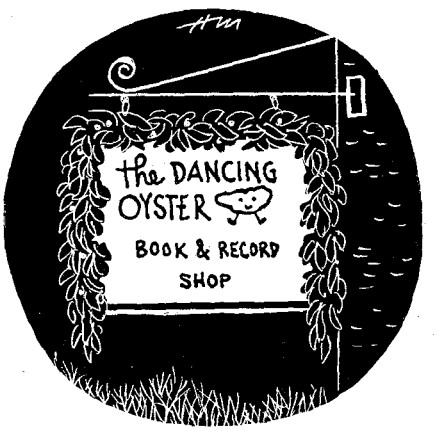
Corelli, Max Pemberton, Conan Doyle: the best-sellers of 1905.

Meanwhile he was writing short exact accounts of things he had understood ("Many of the frigidities of *The Boarding-House* and *Counterparts* were written while the sweat"—of a Triestine July—"streamed down my face on to the handkerchief which protected my collar") and only realizing how exceptional they were when he contrasted them with the narratives of others. The collar, on such a day, is characteristic, and so is the handkerchief to protect it. So is the tail-coat he wore to conceal two great patches on the seat of his trousers during the miserable months he worked for a bank in Rome ("Remember that I am sitting for 9½ hours daily on an uncushioned, straw-bottomed chair and the stuff was always thin."). Under just such indignities did his characters suffer; no writer has a more accurate eye for frayed cuffs, patched trousers, soiled collars, or implies a richer calculus of the agonies they betoken.

For they are not, such bits of detail, tokens of verisimilitude, meant to apprise us that the writer "knows his milieu." Nor do they indicate simply that the social aspirations of Joyce's people exceed their means. They tell us, in their context in his fictions, how effort and attention are expended, how humiliations are inflicted, what kind of place the world is that incarnates aspiration in stubborn matter, and offers it matter alone (fabric, or gold, or ink marks laid upon paper) with which to realize what it aspires to. His central facts are the ones religion confronts, confronted by him differently. His tireless appetite for the real, the same appetite that rejected machine-made fiction, made him beseech correspondents for Dublin tokens, clippings and circulars and theater programs, and then treat such objects as though they were sacramental.

As things, as words, as phrases interacted, as the successive books grew in density and complication, as they implied commentaries which he inspired, and demanded (since books unread will simply die) defenses against suppression which he organized, Joyce meanwhile, engineering this alternate universe, continued to suffer privation and eye trouble and appalling worries; and addressing himself to each phase of his private difficulties just as directly as he addressed himself to constructing some key sentence in the labyrinth, he wrote not only the canon meant for print, but all the time a second Work in Progress, almost an epistolary novel, the fifteen-hundred-odd letters that diligence, a quarter-century after his death, has rescued from scattered archives and the ruins of Europe. They are continuously fascinating, for all the tedium of their eternal wrangles, because the same mind that created *Ulysses*, with the same prehensile grip on particularity, goes about mundane affairs—the order of affairs *Ulysses* sacramentalized—on every page.




It is a great pity they can't conveniently be read straight through, so continuous and cumulative is their interest. Alas, there was a premature edition ten years ago, since which time the most interesting letters of all have turned up, enough for two more volumes; so Volume I spans Joyce's whole life, and Volumes II and III together span it again, and the ideal reader will turn back and forth for weeks in three heavy books.

The new volumes have received from Richard Ellmann as high a standard of editing as one could reasonably ask. In an ideal world Stuart Gilbert's work on the first volume would be done over, preferably by Professor Ellmann, and the contents and indices conflated into continuity; but an ideal world would likely not have elicited from James Joyce a single written line. The dilettante makes syntactic curlicues; the great writer takes pains because the world, gritty, particular, numinous, refuses to declare itself without aid.

# Of Snoops and Snooping

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

The last two books have of course already been reviewed in these pages, Long on May 2nd of this year and Packard on June 2nd of 1964. I have tossed them in simply to make the point that quite a literature is popping up on the question of personal privacy—or perhaps I should say the questions involved in the concept of privacy. In the good old days it was indeed simpler. Privacy boiled down to three individual rights: the right to be left alone in one's home, the right to one's own body, the right to refuse public display. Thus the Fourth Amendment protection against unreasonable search, the Eighth Amendment protection against cruel and unusual punishment, and the immemorial proscription of peeping toms.

A quick trip through Robert Brown's book illustrates how the environment has changed. An electronics expert and also a private investigator, Brown has written a nontechnical, richly illustrated catalogue of hundreds of devices to snoop, detect snoops, confuse snoops, and override the anti-snoops. No doubt the anti-anti-countersnoop is coming soon. You and I, talking on a busy sidewalk, can be "overheard" a half-

*The Computer and Invasion of Privacy*, reprint of Congressional hearings. Arno, $4.95

*The Electronic Invasion*, by Robert M. Brown. Rider, $3.95

*The Intruders*, by Sen. Edward V. Long. Praeger, $5.95

*The Naked Society*, by Vance Packard. McKay, $5.95



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mile away. Is our conversation in a public place "private"? Is the snooper eavesdropping? Should there be a law to punish the act of eavesdropping or to punish the publisher of information gained through eavesdropping or to punish the sale of such equipment or to punish the manufacturer of it? Should the law be federal or state? When is evidence gained by eavesdropping admissible in court? When *should* eavesdropping be permitted or authorized? Who should issue the permission—the executive branch or the judiciary or the legislative?

INTO THIS already highly confused situation a stink bomb of nuclear size has been dropped. It is the proposal that a National Statistical Data Center (the "Data Bank") be formed to consolidate the information now being collected and processed by some twenty different federal agencies. The Congress has looked into this proposal with some warm curiosity—I strongly suspect because congressmen as a group have more to hide than any other group of American citizens. The hearings conducted in July 1966 by Rep. Gallagher's (D., N.J.) subcommittee of the House Committee on Government Operations, now published as *The Computer and the Invasion of Privacy,* bring out very clearly the kind of dangers inherent in this proposal.

For one thing, modern computer science outruns all fantasy. A building no larger than the average split-level house could contain machine-readable tape enough to store a bookful of information about every man, woman and child in the United States. The information would be almost instantaneously retrievable. Expert witnesses testified that the information would *have* to be stored person by person—i.e., the personal identity of the statistical unit must be retained if the statistical units are to be processed usefully.

Can any mechanical or electronic safeguards be built into the system to protect individual identity? One witness testified that the literature on computer technology contains "practically nothing" on the subject of protecting the individual's privacy. And then the clincher: Agency B, in California, calls up the Data Center, in Washington, and asks for information on you and me. Robert Brown, in New York, takes the clever device illustrated on page 37 and shares in the divulgation of Lord knows what-all. If the National Data Bank ever goes into operation, it seems clear that there will be no guarantee of individual privacy at all. Said Packard: "My own hunch is that Big Brother, if he ever comes to these United States, may turn out to be not a greedy power seeker, but rather a relentless bureaucrat obsessed with efficiency. And he, more than the simple power seeker, could lead us to that ultimate of horrors, a humanity in chains of plastic tape." ➔

# Random Notes

● BOOKS: Capt. Eddie's autobiography, *Rickenbacker,* coming in October (Prentice-Hall, $7.95). . . . Nice book; good cause: a facsimile edition of Giuseppe Zocchi's *Views of Florence* (18th Century), in a limited edition of 950 copies; proceeds to the Committee for the Rescue of Italian Art (Walker, $37.50). . . . Rex Warner's *Stories of the Greeks* is an omnibus volume containing *Men and Gods, Greeks and Trojans* and *The Vengeance of the Gods,* plus lots of photos (Farrar, $8.50). . . . C. W. Ceram's *Gods, Graves and Scholars* is due in a thoroughly revised edition (Knopf, $7.95).

"Time Capsules," it seems, are paperbacks each of which condenses one whole year of *Time* Magazine; first four cover 1923, 1929, 1941 and 1950 (Time-Life Books, $1.65 each). . . . Spinoff from the Tolkien craze: the new firm of Weybright & Talley will publish (in one volume) Melvyn Peake's trilogy about Gormenghast Castle and its occupants, the House of Groan: *Titus Groan, Gormenghast* and *Titus Alone* (October); Ballantine Books offers E. R. Eddison's sequel to *The Worm Ouroboros, Mistress of Mistresses* (95 cents).

● INEPTITUDE NOTE, or, Can Nasser Do *Anything* Right? Germans are outraged by, and authorities have seized, Egyptian travel posters featuring the swastika and the words "Remember the Battle of El Alamein." Meanwhile, Moshe Dayan is under siege: independent producer George Mosher seeks his permission for a film biography, to star maybe Paul Newman, and lecture impresario Harry Walker wants him to come to America for a speaking tour.

● MOVIES: Fox's screen version of Desmond Cory's suspense tale, *Deadfall,* stars Michael Caine and Giovanna Ralli, with a brief guest appearance by Robert Graves. Locations on Majorca; release next April. . . . The FBI is unhappy about Paramount's *The President's Analyst* (James Coburn stars), because all its agents are portrayed as clean-cut, collegiate—and five feet, two inches tall. The CIA also gets spoofed. . . . Charles K. Feldman (*Casino Royale*) paid $300,000 for rights to Robert Anderson's Broadway hit, *You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running.* . . . Projects: Ivan Foxwell will direct film version of Evelyn Waugh's *Decline and Fall;* Paramount's *Rosemary's Baby* stars Mia Farrow; Yul Brynner and Robert Mitchum are in Spain making a great big western, *Night for a Robbery;* Michel Audiard will adapt and direct two Celine items, *Death on the Installment Plan* and *Journey to the End of Night.*



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Luckily, the American tradition of individualism survives. One congressman noted, in the hearings, an increasing trend among the citizens to fold and staple the machine cards, punch bogus holes in them, overpay bills by one penny in order to glop up the automatic bookkeeping machines, consistently give the wrong Social Security number, use W. John Doe one day and Walter J. Doe the next. The possibilities are almost infinite, and I commend them all to you. (Or if you're feeling creative, you might lend a hand to the National Right to Privacy Committee, Box 1984, Briarcliff Manor, N.Y., of which Mr. Packard and I are co-chairmen.) I think the whole subject is immensely important, because personal privacy is the last and strongest bastion of individual liberty. The State, deprived of statistics, cannot engage in "national planning." The individual, secure in his anonymity, more readily faces up to the State.

"In the past," testified Packard, "one of the hallmarks of totalitarianism, whatever its particular form, has been this sense that somewhere there is an all-seeing eye." The growing literature on the subject gives me reason to hope that the Snooper State will be stopped in its tracks.

# Words That Sound Like Castles

JARED LOBDELL

I AM CONVINCED that the way to approach a criticism of Tolkien, as distinct from an enjoyment of Tolkien, is through the writings of C. S. Lewis. It is an historical accident that I also came to my enjoyment of Tolkien through Lewis—buying the first edition of *The Lord of the Rings* because of the remark of Lewis' in *That Hideous Strength,* "Those who would like to learn further about Numinor and the True West must (alas!) await the publication of much that still exists only in the MSS. of my friend, Professor J. R. R. Tolkien." But the at once perceptive and wrong-headed review of Tolkien in a recent issue of the *New York Review of Books* (by M. J. C. Hodgart) has convinced me that the approach to Tolkien through Lewis' criticism cannot longer be left to accident.

Mr. Hodgart attacks Tolkien because his people are "stock types recombined ingeniously in folkloric and literary shapes." And he goes on to say that "for a parallel in medieval literature we must look to works written under the inspiration of Christian doctrine: to the *Chanson de Roland,* with its straight conflict between good Christians and bad Saracens." In short, he complains that all Tolkien has done is to tell greatly a great story about the conflict of good and evil. Just so. "Good and evil have not changed, nor are they one thing for dwarves and another for men." There is in that, almost exactly, the ring of *"Païens ont tort et chrétiens ont droit."* And subtle characterization is precisely not Tolkien's interest.

In Lewis' neglected essay "On Stories," he differentiates between those forms of literature "in which Story exists merely as a means to something else" and those "in which everything else is there for the sake of the story." This second kind he then sub-divides into those with and without "atmosphere"—*Njal's Saga* being an example of the first and *The Three Musketeers* of the second. Or, if *Njal's Saga* does not appeal to you, he mentions *The Wind in the Willows* and *The Hobbit,* and had the essay not been written twenty years ago, he would have mentioned *The Lord of the Rings.*

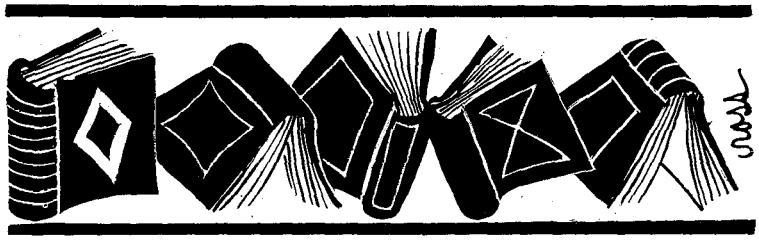
According to Lewis, there exists a form of literature (largely neglected since Aristotle's *Poetics*), in which character is absolutely subordinate to story, and the story exists to "mediate imaginative life." This, I think, describes exactly the nature of *The Lord of the Rings.* To attack it for this reason is to attack the *genre,* and while that is a permissible proceeding I suppose, it must be realized that the more successful the work is on its own terms, the more bitter will be this kind of attack. *Vide* Mr. Hodgart.

"Dark is the water of Kheled-zâram, and cold are the springs of Kibilnâla, and fair were the many-pillared halls of Khazad-dûm in Elder Days before the fall of mighty Kings beneath the stone." But also, "there were many Bagginses and Boffins, and also many Tooks and Brandybucks; there were various Grubbs (relations of Bilbo Baggins' grandmother), and various Chubbs (connexions of his Took grandfather) . . ." From the atmosphere of the second to that of the first is more than a merely temporal journey—"It is as if the battle of Toad Hall had become a serious *heimsökn* and Badger had begun to talk like Njal."

A long time after reading Tolkien I came upon E. R. Eddison's *The Worm Ouroboros.* It is a good story, and in my eyes might be a great one, were it not for one fault, a fault grievous because I have read Tolkien. The English is good and well chosen, but the names are not. To travel from Morna Moruna to Koshtra Belorn is not as fitting a thing as to travel from the Shire to Orodruin, nor are the Lord Gro and Prezmyra to be set beside Grima Worm-tongue or Ar-Pharazôn the Golden, last king of Numénor.

I HAVE ELSEWHERE used Lewis' phrase "words that sound like castles" to describe Tolkien's elvish tongue: "Et Earello Endorenna utúlien. Sinome maruvan ar Hildinyar tenn' Ambar-metta." But though it is to this language that the phrase refers, it could refer as well to the hard sounds of the Dwarvish tongue ("Baruk Khazâd! Khazâd aimenu!"). The first part

**The Lord of the Rings: I. *The Fellowship of the Ring;* II. *The Two Towers;* III. *The Return of the King,* by J. R. R. Tolkien. Second, revised edition, with a new foreword by the author. Houghton Mifflin, $6.00 each volume**





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of *The Lord of the Rings* to come into being was the language, I believe, and with it the mythology. The story came later, to mediate Tolkien's imaginative life of many years to those who now find that imaginative life in themselves.

This transfer of imaginative life seems to me to be what happens in the reading of Tolkien. We may of course discover, once the new life is in us, that we do not like it, that it does not fit in. But of its being in us there is no doubt. If we adopt Lewis' method for determining the greatness of a literary work, I think it will become evident (*contra* Mr. Hodgart) that the present high standing of *The Lord of the Rings* is fully justified, precisely because of its widespread success in this mediation of imaginative life.

A BOOK which demands what Lewis calls good reading is to him a good book, and one which resolutely repels such a reading is worthless. To those who read in this fashion, the first reading of a work may be "an experience so momentous that . . . their whole consciousness is changed." "What they have read is constantly and prominently present" to their minds. "Scenes and characters . . . provide them with a sort of iconography by which they interpret or sum up their own experience." They talk to one another about the book (or books) constantly. Finally, they read them again and again.

That, in my view, is precisely how the Tolkien trilogy has been read by more readers than have approached a book that way since the invention of printing, barring only the Bible, the reading of which cannot be claimed to be purely, or even primarily, a literary phenomenon. Whether *Pickwick,* for example, or *Gulliver's Travels* rivaled in their day the sort of reception Tolkien is getting now I do not know. But they can be read in the same way as Tolkien is read, still are in fact if by fewer people, and it is on a plane with them, and with *Pilgrim's Progress,* that I would put *The Lord of the Rings.* I cannot say it is the greatest imaginative work to be written in the twentieth century, but in my mind that is only because the century is not yet over.

# Wine and Wit

ALEC WAUGH

AMONG MUCH that is unpleasant, a great many agreeable things have come to pass since 1945; not least among them is the emergence as a writer of Oscar Wilde's second son —Vyvyan Holland, now in his eightieth year.

Through the Twenties and the Thirties, he led a life that can best be described as one of active retirement. During World War I he lost his wife, tragically in a fire. After a long period in the trenches, as a gunner, he returned to civilian life with a whole skin, an O.B.E. and the resolve to make the most of the life that had been spared him. As he was drawing a comfortable income from his father's books and plays, he was perfectly placed to do just that. He was a man of many interests; a philatelist, a gourmet, a collector, a sound golfer, an assiduous appreciator of feminine attractions. He was bilingual and found occupation for his leisure translating French novels—including those of Paul Morand.

He was without ambition. He had an acute dislike of personal publicity. He detested notoriety as much as his

father had reveled in it. On the title page of his translations, he sometimes reversed his own initials, appearing as H.B.V. He read to a London dining club, "Ye Sette of Odde Volumes", a couple of excellent papers on "Bores" and "The Courts of Love" which were privately printed for the members, but when his friends urged him to attempt a larger task he would shrug and mumble something inaudible out of the corner of his mouth. It is natural for the son of a highly successful writer to be diffident about following in the same profession and inviting comparisons, but Holland carried an affection for anonymity to an extreme. He rarely talked about his father.

During the war all that changed. He married a highly attractive Australian. She was several years younger than himself. To her who had grown up when the scandal of the Nineties was half forgotten, the name of Oscar Wilde was one to be acknowledged proudly. Gradually and with tact, she persuaded him to desert his ivory tower and write about his father and himself. She was aided in her efforts by the fact that Oscar Wilde's plays were now in the public domain, so that royalties on Holland's own writings were not unwelcome.

DURING THE LAST thirteen years he has published five books and now this spring comes *Drink and Be Merry,* which is likely to become a classic in its special field. It is a very personal book, in which a deceptive modesty conceals a wide deep knowledge of the subject, wine. There is a merciful lack of technicalities, but there is a quantity of information necessary for the neophyte and useful for the connoisseur who is taking a "refresher course." Not only are the five growths of the Medoc listed, but the chief red wines of Graves, St. Emilion and Pomerol; the chief Burgundies, red and white; the white wines of Graves and Sauternes. The big post war vintage years are set on record and the vintage years of port during the century. There are separate chapters on sherry, port, claret, Burgundy, German wines, sparkling wines and brandy. He writes about Australian and Chinese wines—alas, he has not had the good fortune to travel in the Californian vineyards. There are chapters on wine fallacies, on olive oil and vinegar, on summer and winter drinks. A great deal of ground is covered.

But what makes this book different from other wine books is the sudden sallies of wit and the pertinent unexpected anecdotes that can be only known to a man of wide reading, with an extensive acquaintanceship, who has had the means and leisure

***Drink and Be Merry,* by Vyvyan Holland. British Book Centre, $6.25**



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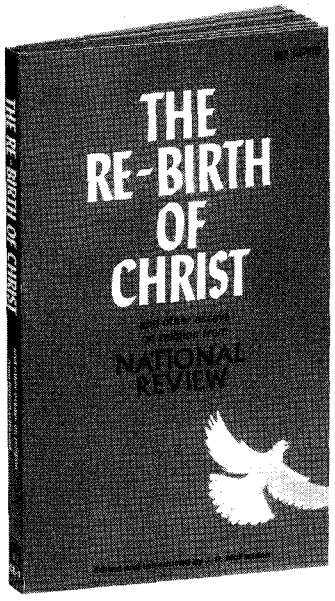


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### Is God Dead?

• No controversy in modern times has generated more heat than the "God is dead" debate touched off by England's Bishop John Robinson (with whom California's Bishop James Pike spent considerable time shortly before giving up his diocese). Here Harold O. J. Brown — who is well-remembered by NR readers for his brilliant "The Protestant Deformation," takes apart the Bishop's thesis and strikes through to the heart of the matter. Then Sir Arnold Lunn, a world-famous Catholic layman (who knows personally many of the principal figures), gives a first-hand account of who and what is involved, and what is at stake.

• In a thoroughgoing discussion of the Vatican Council, you will read the late Evelyn Waugh's memorable "The Same Again, Please," which places the council in its proper historical setting. Then Will Herberg, Thomas Molnar, Brent Bozell and Alice-Leone Moats take up the more controversial problems raised by Pope John's "sudden inspiration." (You will especially enjoy Miss Moats' "Some of the Pope's Problems," a sympathetic essay on Pope Paul's difficulties with John's council.)

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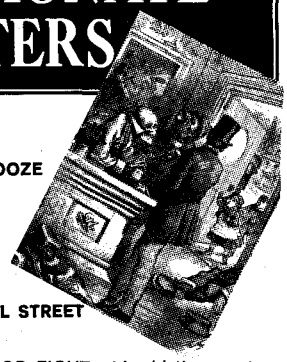

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to indulge his hobbies. Cleopatra, he will say, is reported to have dropped a pearl earring in a glass of vinegar and drunk to Anthony. Pearls do not dissolve in vinegar; but he considers this a quibble. "The story has been so widely circulated that there must be some truth in it." He will drop in remarks such as "a great deal of the Brandy of the 1860s is sold as Napoleon Brandy, being brandy of the date of Napoleon III, on the principle that one Napoleon is as good as the other."

As a barrister he was once concerned with a case of counterfeiting bank notes. The forger had a sideline of printing champagne labels to be substituted for those of other sparkling wines on bottles destined for South America. To Holland's amusement, the price list revealed that the charges were graduated according to the excellence of the wine which the label was supposed to represent, in many cases the more elaborate labels of a less fashionable wine were rated lower than those of a better wine with a simple label.

It is anecdotes like this, and there are many of them, that make this book so very special.

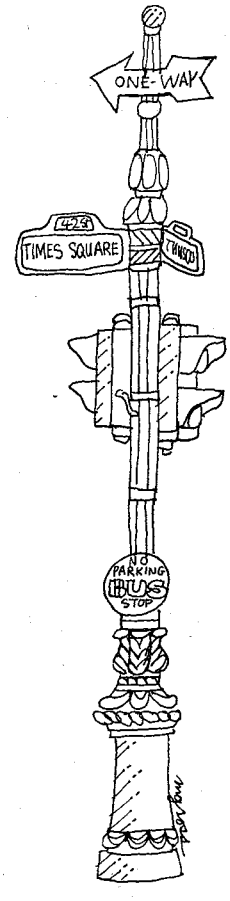
## *Theater*

# Good Grief and Hallelujah!

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

THE THING ABOUT *Hallelujah, Baby!* and *You're a Good Man Charlie Brown* is that they had no right even happening. If certain people in their madness thought it was possible to handle the problem of the Negro revolution light-heartedly and others to project comic strip characters into life across the footlights, and still other people in *their* madness decided to back these ventures with money, talent, time and taste—well, that's show biz. But odds are odds and the odds were that they'd fall as flat as Governor Rockefeller's lottery. But —nothing ventured, nothing ventured, as the saying doesn't go. If the payoffs in the theater were as automatic as an AT&T (pardon) dividend, then there would be no bear market on stardust. Your *Cabarets*, *Hello Dollys*, and *Mames*, those brash, beautiful, expensive and all but sure-fire big star vehicles, are fine so long as Broadway and Off continue to accommodate the offbeat productions that allow fresh talents to shine as they do in *Hallelujah* and *Charlie Brown*.

HALLELUJAH, BABY! Let's take the roughest, toughest, cruelest problem in America today, the assimilation of the Negro into the dominant white community. Let's set it to music, be cheerful about it. Let's ring in an old-fashioned mammy figure, and a shufflin', high-gamblin' Pullman porter. For laughs let's make the white man a liberal, and a nice guy, and still not a boob. Let's have him fall in love with the Negro girl, and ask her to marry him. Let's take our idea, and our money bags, and go jump in the nearest lake; it will be simpler and more merciful that way, because what we're planning will enrage Negro militants and their allies—this is no LeRoi Jones set to music—and repel wide segments of the white community.




But it hasn't worked out that way. First of all *Hallelujah* is the work of pros: Arthur Laurents (book), Jule Styne (music), Betty Comden and Adolph Green (lyrics) — they've got style, they've worked together successfully in the past, they know what a hit is all about. On top of that, they've come up with the novel idea that race relations, while troubled, can bring out the best instead of the worst in people and, an added gimmick: the



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star, Leslie Uggams, is always 25 years old—25 years old at the turn of the century; in the Jazz Age and Depression; during World War II and in the Mod Sixties. Her mother never gets older — or changes. Her boy-friend never gets older, but changes from Pullman porter to mid-Thirties Communist, to militant Sixties civil rights leader who hates Charlie—all Charlies. Her white protector and friend never gets older, but grows in wisdom and tolerance. *Hallelujah* shows you just how much advance the Negro (and the white man) has made since the turn of the century.

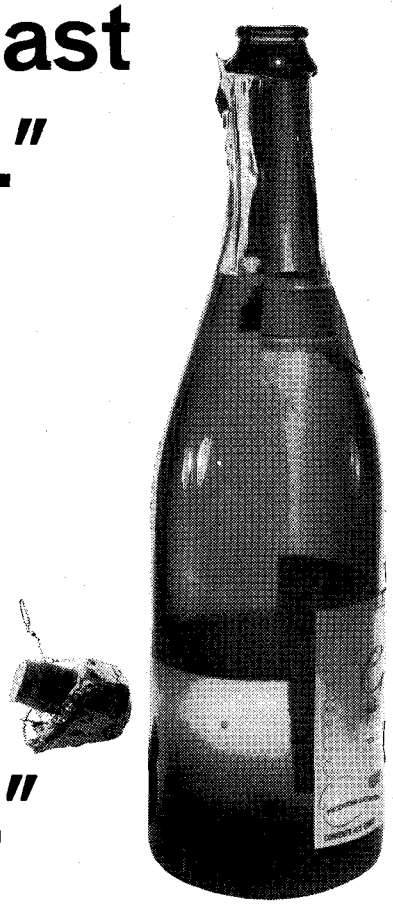
This aspect of *Hallelujah, Baby!* has to be discussed; it's what people are curious about. But in the end the audience no more goes to *Hallelujah* to get a lesson in tolerance than it went to *Wait a Minim!* to deplore apartheid. People flock to the Martin Beck because *Hallelujah* is a blockbuster of a show and its star, Leslie Uggams, is something, SOMETHING. She can belt it out like Judy Garland and Barbra Streisand, croon like Lena Horne, there's an echo there of the younger Mary Martin, but also a great big massive hunk of native God-given talent. Sing she can, act she can, dance she can, clown she can, emote she can. Like her, you must. It's that stardust element again that even years and years on the Mitch Miller show couldn't conceal. Watch her sing "Smile, Smile," which is what black folk do when white folk are around, or spoof it up in "Witches Brew," a Marxist dialectical WPA version of *Macbeth*, and you'll be coming back for more of the same whenever Miss Uggams is around. Her charms dazzle, but don't manage to eclipse great companion performances by Lillian Hayman as her mother, Allen Case as the friendly white man and Billy Dee Williams as Clem, her militant boy friend.

CHARLIE BROWN doesn't look like Charlie Brown and Lucy doesn't look like Lucy. Snoopy bears a distinct resemblance to Charles Schulz' World War I ace of the same name, but that was probably coincidental. Attempts to bring comic strip characters to the stage have never succeeded before, *vide: L'il Abner* and *Superman*, partially at least because the producer has been unsure how closely to hew to the physical forms the artist drew. In casting *Charlie Brown*, producers Arthur Whitelaw and Gene Persson


"Someone sent it to the office last December."

"Who?"

"Gee, I don't remember."



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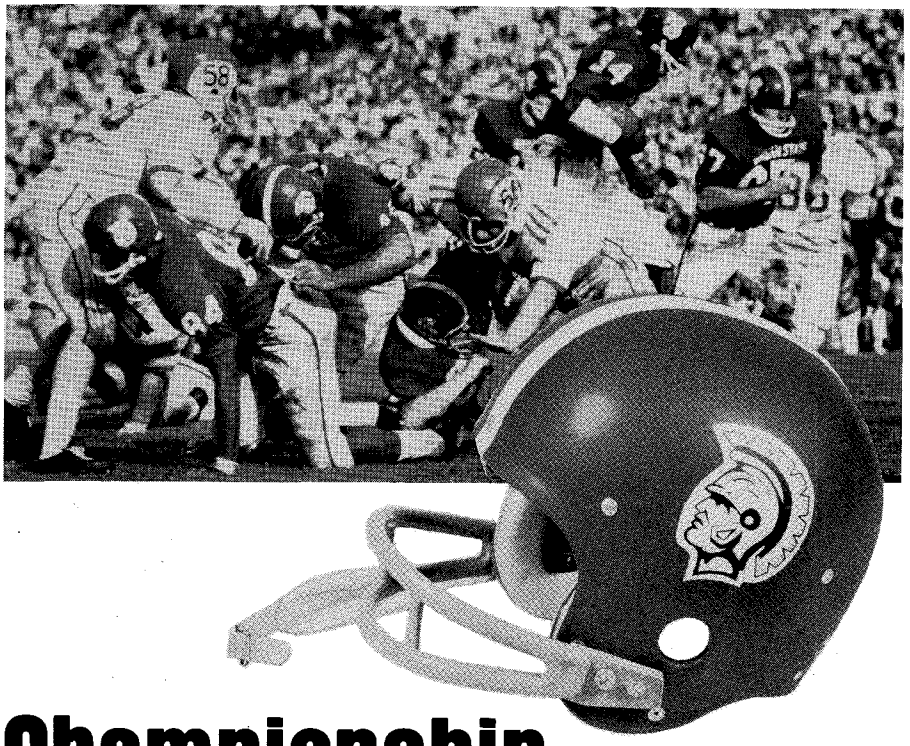

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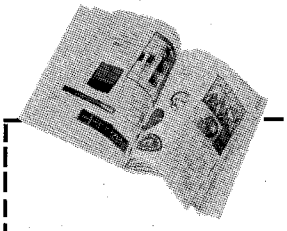

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chose six talented youngsters, all small physically, and matched them to the *Peanuts* characters, not visually, but by personality. Charlie Brown, as he's informed by the ever hateful Lucy in the very first skit, has "what you call a failure face." He also has the despondent walk of a small person who "has never pitched a winning baseball game, kept a kite in the air, won a game of checkers or successfully punted a football." His voice teeters on the edge of cracking and he accepts his failures, past, present, and predictably to come, with the good-natured fatalism that has endeared him to millions, while still taking the time to inform you, for the record, that "it's hard on a face to be laughed at."

Schroeder plays "Liebestraum" and talks philosophy. Linus tries to rid himself of his blanket, but doesn't make it. Snoopy has a go at it with the Red Baron (did you know that tough World War I aces didn't really say nyah, nyah, nyah—we have it on Snoopy's authority) and sings a joyful, tuneful, loop-the-looping hosannah to "Suppertime," possibly the best tune of the show, although the "Book Report," a contrapuntal rendition of a book report on Peter Rabbit which Schroeder, Lucy, Linus and Charlie Brown all have to write, is a soft-sell swinger that lowers the curtain on Act One and ensures the audience will be back, and in its seat, for Act Two.

And then there's Lucy. Lucy the Smug. Lucy the Insufferable. Lucy, with the Sophisticated Sneer. Lucy, who polls her friends on her own "crabbiness quotient" (from one to one hundred, with 50 as normal, 75 as crabby, 95 as terrible). When she puts the question to Linus, he answers, "You're my big sister." "That's not the question." "Yes, but that's my answer." Linus explains that if he tells the truth, she'll whop him. "No, I won't," says Lucy. This is a scientific poll. All right then, ninety-five. Whop!

"I've been spreading crabbiness wherever I go," Lucy is forced to conclude. She may in the world of small persons that Charles M. Schulz created, but she doesn't on the stage of Theatre 80 St. Marks. There Reva Rose, Bill and Skip Hinnant, Karen Johnson, Bob Balaban and Gary Bughoff spread nothing but cheer. Happiness is knowing they should be at the same stand for a long time to come.



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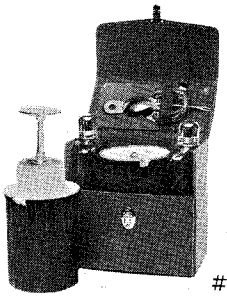

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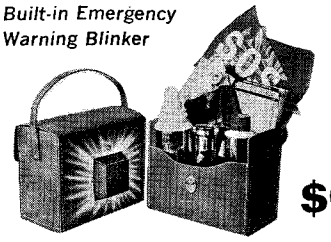

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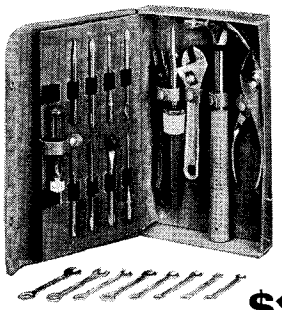

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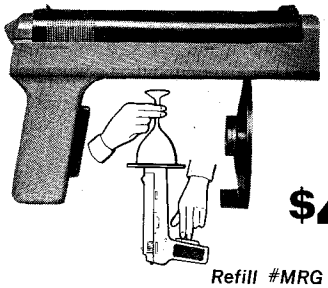

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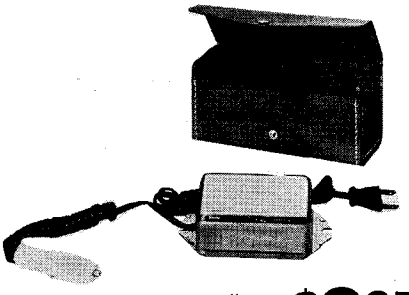

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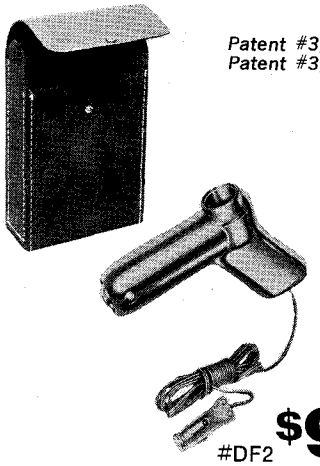

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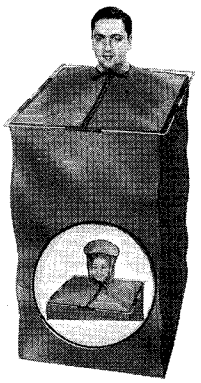

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# BOOKS IN BRIEF

HOW TO DEFEND YOURSELF, YOUR FAMILY, AND YOUR HOME, by George Hunter (McKay, $6.95). The overworked phrase "required reading" has almost become a reviewer's cliche, but if ever a book deserved such a recommendation, this is it. It is not a book of ideology (although the Conservative Book Club has wisely made it a selection); it is a textbook of survival. *How to Defend Yourself* is a disturbing, often alarming work. Written in a direct, no-nonsense style, it offers no glib panaceas or instant-safety formulae; rather it demonstrates how unsafe most locks and defensive techniques are—and, more importantly, what can be done to correct them. An equally valuable (and astonishing) chapter deals with self-defense and the law—and how easily the *victim* of an aggression may find himself in court and/or prison for defending himself not wisely (in the eyes of the law), but too well. Self-protection techniques, such as weapons, household security and unarmed combat are also investigated. It is not difficult to resist quoting from *How to Defend Yourself;* to do so would merely take segments out of context, when it is vitally important to yourself and your family to read and apply this book as a whole.

J. D. KIRWAN

ILL-AT-EASE IN COMPTON, by Richard Ellman (Pantheon, $5.95). This is an on-the-scene journalistic description of the town of Compton, which is adjacent to Watts. The Negroes are moving in, and taking over, and, surprise, there are tensions. The book is more or less readable, but tells us nothing we didn't know before, and seems to have been published on the theory that anything at all about the Negroes is of compelling interest. Who knows? Maybe it is. The book actually got a full page, completely unintelligible review in the *New York Times Book Review* by an individual who is apparently black. Well, if you are a writer, and you find yourself graveled for subject matter, you would be very well advised to slap together some sort of book on the Negroes. J. HART



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## HAZELTON

(Continued from p. 965)

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## LYONS

(Continued from p. 962)

napping but would soon catch up and overtake them. But now, a decade later, they are still one or several years ahead of us in space technology.

Mr. Lyons chides me for quoting relative growth rates which do not prove anything. "The test is not in percentual growth, in which an economy starting at a low base scores easily. . . ."

Our so-called "developing" (i.e. backward and poor) countries will certainly be glad to hear that an economy starting at a low base scores easily. They have for years been falling further behind the industrial nations. Until a few decades ago, the only countries to achieve wealth were capitalist countries and the theories about progress under socialism could be shrugged off—until the Soviet Union came along. Then it could be claimed—and was, falsely so—that its success was a direct result of socialistic planning. So the new countries followed the pied piper by the dozens.

The data I cited on relative growth rates are not from Russian but from Western sources. That Russian national product approximated 20 per cent of the U.S. product around 1928, the year of the start of the first five-year plan, is generally accepted and has, to my knowledge, not been questioned. In the mid-1950s Soviet GNP was *placed* at 47 per cent of the U.S. GNP by the *Soviet Economic Indicators*, the most thorough study of the subject, prepared annually by the Legislative Reference Service of the Library of Congress.

Those of us who believe in the inherent superiority of the free market system would have had to raise searching questions if the Soviet economy had only grown at the same rate as the U.S. How could a centrally planned, bureaucratically wasteful, Communist society, which has no entrepreneurs, practices egalitarianism and provides few if any material incentives grow economically as fast as a capitalist country? How could it grow even faster?

I gave a clear answer to that in my article: "Soviet society is anything but a classless society." "The Soviets have created what is probably the most competitive society on the face of the earth. . ." I wrote. I contrasted that with the United States

(Continued on p. 984)


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# TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

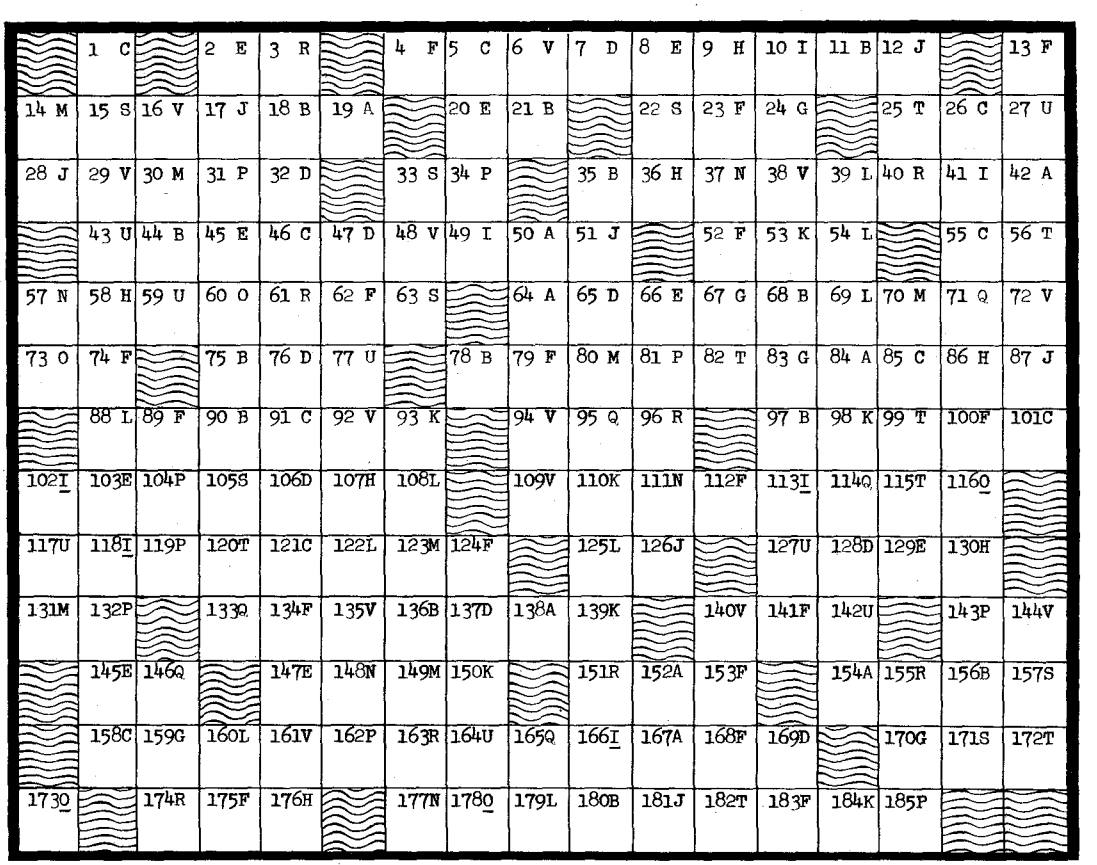
| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. A man who has done a lot for his country | 19 152 154 42 64 167 138 50 84 |
| B. The first airplane pilot | 21 44 68 97 156 11 18 75 78 136 180 35 90 |
| C. Iridosmine | 26 158 46 1 101 5 85 121 91 55 |
| D. His initials spelled the President's nickname (1927) | 7 47 65 169 106 137 128 32 76 |
| E. Following without a lapse of time | 45 145 147 8 66 103 2 20 129 |
| F. Were he alive, he would oppose giving up the Panama Canal | 52 23 62 100 112 134 141 168 175 183 13 74 79 4 89 124 153 |
| G. What some Church members think other church members should give | 83 67 170 159 24 |
| H. A pioneer in aeronautics | 107 36 9 58 86 176 130 |
| I. Famous woman aviator | 113 41 118 166 49 102 10 |
| J. An epic poem attributed to Homer | 126 28 87 17 51 181 12 |
| K. Awkward, inconvenient | 184 98 53 110 93 150 139 |

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| L. Act or power of remembering things | 88 54 125 108 122 39 69 160 179 |
| M. Urban | 131 80 14 30 70 123 149 |
| N. White House occupants until 1969 | 37 148 111 177 57 |
| O. The first Christian convert in Europe | 73 173 116 60 178 |
| P. Overrunning in a troublesome manner | 119 132 34 81 185 162 143 31 104 |
| Q. What the Vietniks are | 165 71 114 133 95 146 |
| R. The discoverer of the South Pole | 174 3 40 151 61 163 96 155 |
| S. An infectious, febrile disease | 22 157 15 171 33 105 63 |
| T. A type of cone | 56 99 115 25 182 172 82 120 |
| U. Took possession and control of a place | 77 43 117 59 127 164 142 27 |
| V. One of the original states | 144 6 92 94 109 135 140 161 16 29 38 48 72 |

See page 984 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

**DIRECTIONS**

*The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.*



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## LYONS

(Continued from p. 984)

where public policy has for three decades been formed by an egalitarian ideal, where we seem to have set out deliberately to punish the most productive elements in society while pampering the drones.

Americans tend to believe that the motto "From each according to his capacity, to each according to his needs" guides Soviet income policy. I pointed out that in the Soviet Constitution the second part of the formula reads ". . . to each according to his work," and that the government carries this out thoroughly, offering high rewards to those who produce much, a meager diet to those who don't.

The United States is rich enough to be able to go on penalizing effort and rewarding leisure and to survive —just as the Greek cities survived while ostracizing their eminent men —*for a time.* But even we cannot do it indefinitely without suffering the consequences. The aim of my article was to sound a *videant consules* or *videat populus.* I hope I did.

In conclusion let me repeat the words with which I finished the article: I have never worried about Russian claims that they would overtake the United States, nor do I now. But it is disturbing to speculate about the final outcome of the competition between two countries, one of which offers high and growing rewards to the outstanding performer and imposes economic punishment on sloth, while the other steadily increases penalties on the most productive segment of its population through ingenious methods of 'progressive' taxation and thinks of ever new methods of paying more people more money for not working.

**SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (August 22) CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB, "RIGHTLY SO":**

Can New York, . . . Los Angeles, or Chicago really be governed? More and more people are . . . saying no . . . Many of these people see less problem in governing the United States . . . Some of them see hardly any problem at all in a system of world government by the U.N. or some similar monstrosity.


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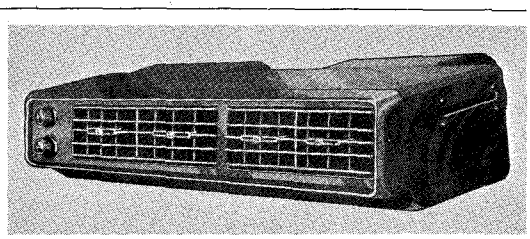

In Ft. Worth back in 1949 a couple of engineers decided to DO something about the weather in an automobile—and an industry was born. In those days it was sometimes difficult to tell if a car was air conditioned unless the proud owner told you so, or unless in slow downtown traffic on a hot day the radiator cap came through the hood, or she spouted steam like Old Faithful from a busted radiator hose—or just went, and stayed dead because the battery couldn't take the extra load.

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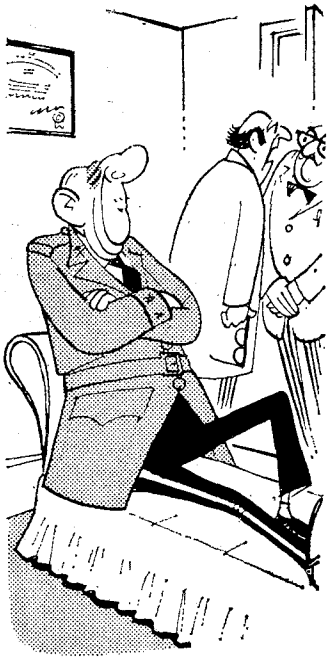
# FOR THE RECORD

■ About the riots: Rep. **Charles Vanik** (D., Ohio) has introduced a bill proposing federal subsidies to insurance companies that will be paying more than $100 million in riot damage this year; rates in riot-prone districts nearly prohibitive already. . . . Newark damage put at $10.2 million, one fifth of it from looted liquor stores. . . . Riot backlash will help Cleveland mayor **Ralph Locher** in a three-way primary October 3 against Negro state legislator **Carl Stokes,** at one time regarded as serious threat. Stokes was just barely beaten out by Locher last time out. . . . **Internal Revenue Service** (it has a heart, honest) will permit businesses in cities hit by riots a delay in paying social security taxes due July 31.

■ Rep. **Joe Pool** (D., Tex.) wants a constitutional amendment to strip **Stokely Carmichael** of his citizenship; **Barry Goldwater** says Carmichael should be tried for treason. . . . *Worker* building up "persecution" of **Rap Brown** as "modern-day **Dreyfus** case." . . . **Floyd McKissick** wants in on the violence bit. On his return from Africa, McKissick told reporters: "After what happened this summer in Newark and Detroit, do you think they are going to listen to me if I try to sell them nonviolence?" . . . **Sidney Poitier** taking courageously different stand at Southern Christian Leadership Conference in Atlanta. He insists 99 per cent of American Negroes work hard, take no part in riots and violence, are not truly represented by the Carmichaels, McKissicks and Browns.

■ About the canal: The Yugoslav agency Tanjus reports it will take a year to get the **Suez Canal** in operation again because of sand drifts at bottom of the canal which built up when normal maintenance was stopped. . . . *Al Ahram,* Nasser's semi-official newspaper, claims the job can be done in three months' time. . . . Ships calling at South African ports up from monthly average of 664 to 843. . . . U. S. travel agents estimate Arab states will lose at least $20 million in tourist dollars this year; Israel, on other hand, expects to get highest number of tourists ever.

■ It seems to be **Richard Nixon**'s move just now. His aides, surveying



Jon, *London Daily Mail* Ben Roth Agency

**"Even worse than I thought —he thinks Napoleon was deGaulle."**

the primary scene, express cautious optimism about Nixon's performance in all of the early ones, with the possible exception of Oregon. Nixon himself says he has to win *all* of them: **"Rockefeller, Perry** and **Reagan** are in an enviable position. They can sit back and see what happens. I can't.". . . . **William Scranton**, not the shrewdest political seer of the Sixties, says as of now he thinks **George Rommey** can wrap up the nomination and the election. . . . But **Thruston Morton,** who has been moving liberalward in recent months (V-P ambitions?), is now making togetherness noises toward **Chuck Percy.** Morton had been a quiet booster of Romney. . . . High-powered group that heard both **Henry Cabot Lodge** and Percy at a Harvard seminar impressed by Lodge's presentation, his handling of tough questions; disappointed by Chuck's "percy-footing." . . . **Ronald Reagan**'s cause should get boost with publication (Nov. 7) of Lee Edwards' *Ronald Reagan: A Political Biography*.

■ Is life all that good these days behind the Curtain? In **Hungary** come January, workers will be allowed to change jobs without being penalized. . . . In **Poland,** a select few will, hereafter, be allowed to use check books for personal business. . . . In **Czechoslovakia,** all but two Catholic seminaries have been closed; the number of priests is down from 7,000 to 3,300; eight of twelve Catholic bishops are under house arrest, or in "voluntary" retirement. . . . Upcoming anniversary of Bolshevik revolution may be occasion for springing of Soviet writers **Daniel** and **Siniavsky**, according to a French news source; could also mean the release of Czech writer **Jan Benes** who drew five-year sentence last September for protesting the imprisonment of Daniel and Siniavsky. . . . The wife of Yuri Daniel has appealed to leaders of the Communist Party for his release. She charges he has been beaten and tortured in his labor camp.

■ Crash program in **Sweden,** which will switch from left to right-hand drive a couple of weeks from now; retraining of Seeing Eye dogs to look in the opposite direction.



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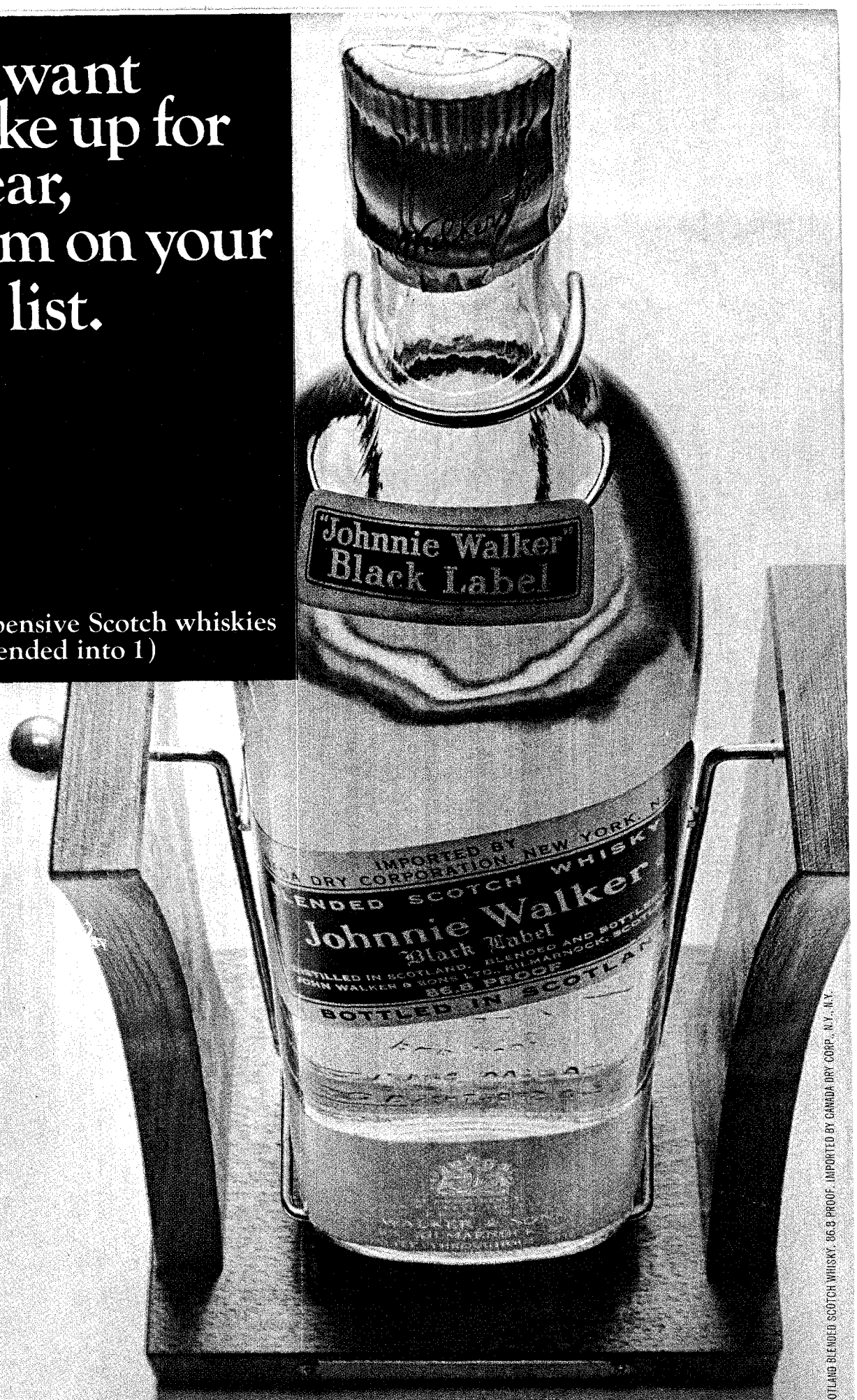


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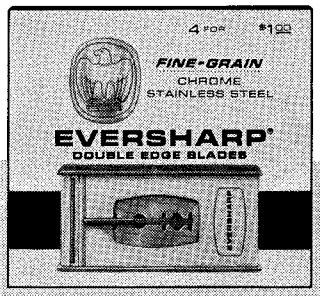


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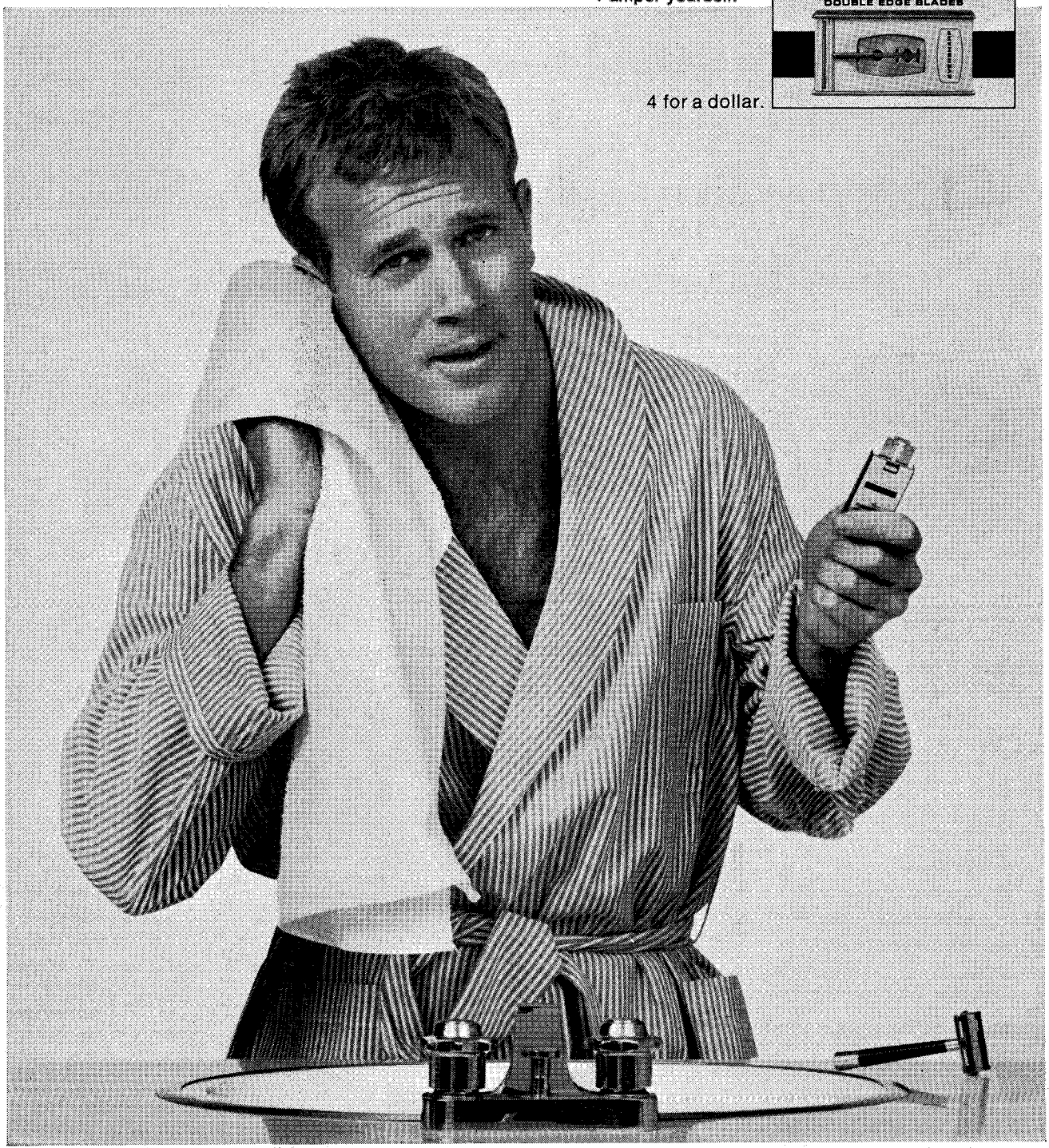

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